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"STRUCK IT RICH!"—PROSPECTING IN THE BLACK HILLS.—Drawn by John A. Randolph.—[See Page 655.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1876.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains four admirable engravings*—"AN INDIAN TOILET," "TRAMPS OF ALL NATIONS ON THEIR WAY TO THE EXHIBITION," "SKETCHES IN THE TURKISH CAFÉ," *and* "FISHING TRAWLERS RETURNING TO PORT."

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REPUBLICAN POLICY IN NEW YORK.

THE supreme importance in the national campaign of the result of the election in the State of New York is universally acknowledged. That result depends largely upon the action of the Republican Convention on the 23d of August, and that action, in turn, greatly depends upon the activity and earnestness of those who desire the success of the principles of the letters of Governor HAYES and Mr. WHEELER. The election in New York will be determined by the intermediate vote, that which is neither strictly and uniformly Republican nor Democratic, which made the Republican majority fifty thousand in 1872 and the Democratic majority fifty thousand in 1874. The condition of the support not only of this vote, but of a certain part of the distinctively Republican vote, is that the State nominations shall be such as to prove the purpose and principles of Governor HAYES to be really those of the party. All this support will be gladly and enthusiastically Republican if HAYES and WHEELER are associated with Republican State candidates of the same character and significance. All this support will be lost to the State ticket and alienated from the national by nominations which show that influences which thousands of honest and independent voters distrust are still supreme. It is idle to say that such voters are impracticable fools, because it is their votes which settle elections. And, as a matter of fact, the mass of them are among the most intelligent and patriotic voters in the State. It is equally foolish to say that we wish only Republican votes. Sensible men wish all the votes they can honorably get to sustain the cause which they think the welfare of the country demands. There are thousands of voters in New York and in other States who are waiting to see whether the action at Cincinnati was a mere happy chance or an enduring and increasing force. They are quietly and watchfully awaiting the result of the New York Republican Convention. If it be such as to confirm that at Cincinnati, the State of New York will be carried triumphantly by the Republicans, and this year, "as goes New York, so goes the Union." If the Convention should disappoint that confident expectation, the difficulty of carrying the State and the country would be enormously increased. There must, therefore, be no sign of reaction in New York. The happy confidence inspired by the Cincinnati nominations must be justified and deepened.

That there have been differences of opinion, and even great warmth of difference, in the party here is well known. But there is no Republican who has at heart the welfare of the country and the honorable prosperity of the party who does not know that in the present situation in the State the indispensable condition of success is harmony in the party. The State can be easily thrown away, but it can be secured only by very great care. The question of the State ticket is not one of personal feeling, but of the highest public concern. It is not a matter of rewards and punishments, nor of the gratification of personal rivalries and ambitions. Neither is it a question of "claims." There is no standard by which the relative value of "claims" of this kind can be determined. No Republican can have any "claim" to a nomination, under existing party circumstances, in this State who does not represent both the policy declared by the Cincinnati ticket, with the letters of Governor HAYES and Mr. WHEELER, and the harmony of the party. This twofold cardinal consideration easily determines who should not be nominated. No Republican who would probably excite strong personal animosities within the party, and directly antagonize any large and efficient section of it, would be a suitable candidate. Any such candidate would endanger the State. The selection should fall upon some man who, while known to be in full sympathy with the reform spirit of the party and the times, is yet not so distasteful to those who think the demand of reform a mere campaign "cry" as to arouse in them a disposition to connive at the loss of the State as a proof of the folly of disregarding their wishes.

If this view be sound, the nomination of any Republican for Governor who could justly be called, in a phrase which is perfectly intelligible, a "machine" candidate, would incur a risk of losing the State, which no honest and loyal Republican could fail to oppose with all his energy as a signal misfortune. It would tend to justify the most plausible of the Democratic assertions, that Governor HAYES is not a true representative of Republican feeling and purpose. It would be accepted as an earnest that the unfortunate influences which have so seriously endangered Republican ascendency during the last two or three years were still paramount, and that the dire dilemma of a choice between two unsatisfactory parties would be forced upon thousands and thousands of voters. It must not be forgotten that when such a dilemma is offered, it is the untried party that is chosen. To make the dilemma inevitable, therefore, is to throw away the chances of the dominant party. We are speaking, indeed, of a State nomination, but also of a national party contest in which that nomination is an essential factor. If the New York Republican Convention should nominate a "machine" candidate for the Governorship, it would, with full knowledge of the situation and of the scope of its action, deal the national Republican prospects a disastrous blow at a critical moment and at the most doubtful point of the field.

"A PROVIDENTIAL MAN."

LATE events in South Carolina, which are the natural effects of the barbarism of slavery, recall vividly the comparatively recent days when our politics were absorbed in that tremendous question. It is but sixteen years since a Presidential campaign in which the sole issue was the further extension of slavery, and the total subjection of the government to the slave power. "The crime against Kansas" in 1856 was of the same origin as the crime against Hamburg in 1876. The Democratic party was the shield and bulwark and weapon of the enormous crime against humanity which was seeking to make the Constitution its law and the government its supple tool. To effect this it was necessary to confuse the public mind and to debauch the public conscience. We have heard within twenty years in the city of New York speeches at public political meetings, addressed to thousands of presumably intelligent voters, which could only make the heart of an honest American burn with indignation, and his cheek tingle with shame for the name he bore. Such ribald appeals for laughter at the grotesqueness of a human misery for which we were all responsible, such legal arguments for our unwincing assent to the hideous and extending degradation of our kind, such astounding blasphemies of God as the author and of Christ as the approver of a system which dishonored human nature and equally ruined slave and master, are incredible in these days of more peaceful politics. The massacres of New Orleans, of Colfax, of Hamburg, are open to the day, and are followed by the instant and effective wrath of the best Northern opinion, and they are explained, denied, excused, or extenuated by the Democratic press. But sixteen years ago the daily torture of a race was airily derided or insolently justified by the Democratic party. Mr. SEWARD'S simple declaration that while man was man the struggle between slavery and liberty in this country would be an irrepressible conflict, was hooted by the Democratic press as "a brutal and bloody manifesto;" and when some brave man, worthy of the name of American, pleaded for the rights of human nature, even under a black skin, with the fire of truth and persuasion, he was denounced by Democratic organs as inciting fiends to slaughter our Southern brethren and outrage their wives and daughters.

In this vast and cruel sophistry, in this wretched excuse and monstrous defense of a crime against human nature, morality, and civilization, the Democratic leaders of twenty and thirty years ago were trained. Some of them broke away before the war, many of them during and since the war. But in 1868 one of the chief and conclusive arguments against Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR as President was that no man who had been all his political life maintaining and defending the Democratic side of the slavery question could be a proper Chief Magistrate for a truly free country. It was not only that he had been a "Copperhead" of the war, it was not only that one of his old fellow-partisans, DANIEL S. DICKINSON, declared that Mr. SEYMOUR had said that the abolition of slavery would be the dissolution of the Union, nor that he had no sympathy with the means taken to maintain the Union, that disqualified him for the first office in the country: it was that the general moral judgment of an intelligent man who had ingeniously sophisticated his mind upon such a wrong as the slavery that existed in the United States could not be safely trusted, and especially to deal with questions that sprang from slavery.

This is no less true of Mr. TILDEN than of Mr. SEYMOUR. He is a pupil of the same school. He was bred amidst the sophistries of slavery. He is a Democrat of the time when Democracy meant practically nothing but the extension and supremacy of slavery in our political system. That he hesitated in 1848, and sustained the Buffalo nominations, only more lamentably emphasizes the fact of his relapse. His momentary doubt shows that his better sense was aroused. But his identification with his party throughout the meanest and most inhuman part of its career shows how utterly the man was sunk in the partisan. We do not say that such men did not morally sophisticate themselves, and cajole their minds and consciences with plausible theories and excuses. On the contrary, that is the very charge we make. They could see the necessity of upholding the Democratic party, but not of defending the rights of human nature. They were better Democrats than Americans, better partisans than men. And even when the character and designs of the slave power were fully exposed, and slavery rose in arms to destroy the Union, they still did its work in endeavors to embarrass the efforts of the government, and Mr. TILDEN even helped to publish and distribute tracts attempting to prove the evil results of emancipation at the very moment that slavery was striking at the Union. His explanation would probably be that the principles of JEFFERSON were the true principles of the government, that the Democratic party is founded upon those principles, and therefore that the Democratic party is the true party of the country. So he stood by slavery because the Democratic party practically sustained it, and allowed TWEED, without protest, to forge his name to an infamous circular, because TWEED was a Democrat, and because a protest might harm the Democratic party. As for the soundness of JEFFERSON'S principles, it is enough that he was the author of the Kentucky resolutions of '98, and that they were the principles on which JEFFERSON DAVIS logically stood in 1861.

All this, however undeniable this long and willing training in moral sophistication, it will be said, does not unfit a man for conducting the government "on business principles." But even if the government were nothing more than the balancing of account-books, we should still hold that a man who had never consented to tamper with wrong and unspeakable cruelty and dishonesty was preferable to one who had. This objection, however, becomes absolute and conclusive when the nature and interests of the questions that would now be confided to the Executive are considered. It is not impossible that a Tory of the Revolution would have made a safe President of the Union. But as against a soldier of the Revolution of equal character and ability, of civil official experience, and devoted by instinct and conviction to the principles upon which the new government was established, why should the Tory have been preferred?

THE COMMON-SENSE OF THE SITUATION.

ONE of the most gratifying aspects of the Republican canvass is that the great body of sincere and independent voters, who had become very weary of mere party cries and very distrustful of the Administration, and to whom Mr. TILDEN seemed to be a candidate for whom they could very easily vote, have accepted the nomination of Mr. HAYES as the surer earnest of substantial reform and good government. The reasons for this preference are many, and some of them are obvious. Among them, undoubtedly, is the fact which we considered last week, that although in a party government parties must be usually judged by their leaders and those whom they choose as representatives, yet that, under the circumstances, in this country to-day, this rule can not be inflexibly applied, because of the evident and serious divisions of opinion that exist in both parties. Sixteen and twenty years ago there was no doubt whatever that a man who was seriously opposed to the subjection of the government to the slave power must support the Republican and oppose the Democratic party. There is not the same kind of necessity this year, and the position of both parties upon controlling questions is not so sharply defined.

The truly independent voters support Mr. HAYES, not because they do not severely condemn much for which the Republican party in any intelligible system of party government must be held responsible, but because, upon a sensible and practical survey of the situation and the parties, they have decided that the better element of the Republican party is more likely to prevail for good results than that of the Democratic. Now this independent vote really decides elections. The results of 1872 and of 1874 and of 1875 in the State of New York show that here, at least, elections are determined by those whom no kind of machine can frighten or coerce. If every voter were like the Democrats who proceed "to ratify" the nomination of Mr. TILDEN after lustily declaring to the public and proving to their own satisfaction that he is totally unfit for the Presidency, and would lose the State by thirty thousand majority, or like the Republicans who would "cheerfully support any candidate that may be named," the elections of one year would be an infallible guide to those of the next, after due deduction for deaths, and for coming of age, and for a fair average of purchasable votes. It is the uncertain vote which wins, and the conditions of obtaining it must always be carefully considered.

If, then, we are correct in asserting that the independent class has decided to support Mr. HAYES, it is, as we have said, because it is persuaded that the better spirit of the Republican party is likely to control. Whatever, therefore, tends to disprove this, tends to alienate the vote by which success is to be achieved. If the declaration constantly made by the Democrats, that the administration of Mr. HAYES will be merely a continuation of all that has discredited the party and the country in that of General GRANT, should seem to be justified by events, the result of the election would be put in great peril. Thus the selection of Mr. CHANDLER as the chairman of the National Committee, Mr. CHANDLER having been one of the most positive and contemptuous of the opponents of any administrative reform, is regarded as very suspicious, and as possibly embarrassing to Governor HAYES. But the National Committee is the very body in which the power of the machine would be felt. That committee can not compromise or commit the President except with his consent, and to suppose that Governor HAYES would assent to any kind of bargain or arrangement is to suppose a want of honor or of character which has never been attributed to him even by his opponents—for enemies he has none. He was nominated without a bargain or a pledge. He accepted with the frankest, most admirable, and intelligent statement of his views and purposes. His letter is a calm and reasonable declaration of adhesion to Republican principles and policy, and especially to thorough and radical administrative reform. This is not, as it was with General GRANT, the aspiration and the vague wish of a man wholly inexperienced in civil administration, and without political knowledge or antecedents, but the deliberate declaration of a public officer familiar with political administration—a declaration founded upon practical observation and careful reflection. It declares for reform, and reform implies contest.

The real question, therefore, is whether Governor HAYES will ratify any promises, bargains, or arrangements that those who are called the managers may make for him. If he will, the very change of system which is indispensable to the national welfare, and to which he has voluntarily and solemnly engaged himself, becomes impossible, because there is no serious pretense of any such purpose upon the Democratic side. Now there can be no kind of reason offered for supposing such a lamentable result but the fact that the friends of the vicious system will press it upon the President, and that he will yield to the pressure. But, again, there can be no reason for supposing that he would yield, except that he has heretofore shown reluctance or inability in maintaining his principles. There is not a man living who would assert it. Naturally a quiet and unostentatious man, Governor HAYES'S fidelity to duty has been as firm as his perception of it has been clear. He who at once saw and resisted the insidious peril of the CRITTENDEN compromise on the eve of the war is not the man to compromise with any danger that he sees and fully comprehends. So far as Governor HAYES is concerned in the canvass, and mindful of the failure of General GRANT in the same contest—a struggle in which we cordially sustained him—we can see no reason to doubt that he will keep himself absolutely free of entangling alliances.

One thing is plain. The election of HAYES

and WHEELER will be assured beyond doubt just in the degree that the principle which they represent, that of purity of Republican administration, is seen to prevail in the local action of the party. If it shall appear on all sides that the candidates are cordially sustained by local nominations which are the earnest of their own spirit and of the predominance of that purpose of real administrative reform which, with a sound financial policy and strict regard for equal rights in the Southern States, is the Republican platform of this year, the election of HAYES and WHEELER will be in the truest sense a glorious victory.

THE SOUTHERN QUESTION.

THE Hamburg massacre, and the deep and universal interest and horror that it has awakened, show that the Southern question is still one of the most vital and important subjects of public attention. It certainly is not because of any wish or effort upon the part of Republicans in the Northern and Western parts of the country. In their State and National Conventions they have insisted only upon the honest constitutional protection of equal rights, and in New York last year they demanded "a just, generous, and forbearing policy in the Southern States." Nothing could be more baseless than the ill-timed and testy jesting of Mr. COX, that the late troubles at Hamburg, in South Carolina, are in some way designed for political effect. As General GARFIELD truly and gravely said, murder is not to be laughed out of such occurrences. His question, indeed, goes to the root of the matter. Are such events in the Southern States sporadic, like the late Newark slaughter in New Jersey, or do they show a general feeling hostile to the equal rights of colored citizens? The history of those States for the last half century supplies the answer to his question. Nearly four millions of colored persons, who, with their ancestors, had been held in the most inhuman form of slavery for more than two hundred years, were suddenly freed and elevated to equal citizenship with the master class, as a consequence of the insurrection of that class against the Union, and of its total and ruinous defeat. The general feeling of that class can only be one of contemptuous incredulity and distrust of the equality of those whom it had not considered or treated as human beings; and while many of them would not openly manifest their discontent, it is inevitable that there should be a large and reckless number who would not conceal their feelings nor hesitate at the most heinous crimes for its gratification.

This is precisely what has occurred. The Southern situation has constantly presented two facts: the most cruel and bloody outrage, terrorism, and massacre of the colored population, and a white public opinion that practically approved by declining to protest or to act with any vigor or efficiency. This is not a theoretical observation or abstract inference. In reply to General GARFIELD'S direct question, Mr. LAMAR, of Mississippi, said that the occurrence at Hamburg was not sporadic, although unnatural; it was the effect of a morbific element that he thought would disappear under good government. The Richmond *Whig* says that while it believes the great mass of the people in the Southern States to be peaceably inclined, "the misfortune is that public opinion is not outspoken enough to discourage these bad men from such acts against the weak," adding that the negroes are sometimes exasperating. And Colonel HIGGINSON, calling attention to the fact that even the colored magistrate at Hamburg, before whom the case was brought, and whom he personally knows as a brave and loyal man, was also forced to fly for his life, speaks for thousands of intelligent and patriotic men in this part of the country in a letter to the New York *Times*:

"Of all the Southern outrages since the war, there is no one more sure to have an important influence than this Hamburg atrocity. There is no conflict of testimony about it. It occurred in broad day, was utterly unprovoked, was attended by peculiar circumstances of barbarism, and included the armed invasion of a neighboring State. For one, I have been trying hard to convince myself that the Southern whites had accepted the results of the war, and that other questions might now come uppermost. So far from being a bigoted Republican, I took part in the 'Fifth Avenue Political Conference,' and should certainly have refused to support the Republican nominee had he not commanded my confidence. As it is, I am more than ever grateful for the influences which secured the nomination of HAYES and WHEELER. Of what use are all our efforts to lay aside the issues of the war, if they are still to be kept alive by our white fellow-citizens of the South? The spirit that sends armed men across the South Carolina border to-day may just as easily send them across the Pennsylvania border next year, if it secures the aid of a Democratic national Administration. For one, I do not propose to acquiesce in this."

Here is a question not to be shuffled aside by the cry that Democrats have accomplished reform by cutting down the army and reducing the salary of some foreign minister. Who commit these undeniable crimes against the very order and existence of society? Democrats. Who condone those crimes by silence, by incredulity, by calling them "negro riots," or by sneering at the bloody shirt? Democrats. Is it, then, to Democrats, to a party which counts for success in the election upon the votes of all in the Southern States who actively or passively connive at these constant and monstrous crimes, that the government of the country can be wisely intrusted?

A STROKE OF DEMOCRATIC ECONOMY.

ONE of the most common and the most ludicrous of Democratic arguments in this campaign is that Governor HAYES is a very honest and intelligent man, against whom nothing can be said, but that he will have to depend upon the Republican party for the success of his administration. And pray upon what would Governor TILDEN depend? Upon the Democratic party. And can any body show, or has any body any where attempted to show, that the general spirit, the traditions, the recent conduct, of that party prove that a President controlled by it would be more serviceable to the country than one controlled by the Republican party?

We have pointed out more than once the evidences of its real spirit and purpose which the Democratic party has given within the last three or four years; its desperate attempt last year in Ohio and Pennsylvania to betray the faith of the United States, and to plunge the country into the gulf of repudiation; its selection for the national Senatorships which it could control of gentlemen like EATON of Connecticut and COCKRELL of Missouri, extreme "Copperheads" or ex-Confederate soldiers, instead of partisans of a milder type; its unblushing Senatorial bargain in Connecticut; the betrayal of its spirit in the House, as shown by Northern Democrats in the amnesty debate; its civil service reform in the distribution of the minor places of the House to the strictest partisans, one of whom was solely noted for rejoicing in Mr. LINCOLN'S assassination, and for denouncing Northern merchants before the war; its demand of a repeal of the pledge of resumption at a fixed time, and its nomination to the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of candidates of discordant financial views, hoping to catch both hard-money and soft-money votes; its general tone of comment upon the Hamburg massacre—all these are the kind of evidence that the Democratic party offers that a President who must depend upon it for his administration would work wonders of reform. "Boss KELLY," says Mr. Petroleum V. Nasby, wich would like to be postmaster—

"Boss KELLY wuz even more urgent for reform than MORRISSEY. He said that until Tammany got possession of the government he cood see nothin but rooin ahed.... With the Custom-house and Post-offis in the control uv Tammany, he cood afford to pay ten thousand repeaters, and give stiddy employment to every shoulder-hitter and brooser in the city.... The Southern delegates wuz ekally urgent for reform. Wat they felt wus nessary wuz a complete change.... One Georgy delegate actooally shed teers over the sufferings he had endoored. He sobbed audibly wen he remarked that it wuz now ten years last Christmas sence he had shot a nigger. His shot-gun hung yooselis over his fire-place, and there wuz ashes on his harth. 'Give us a Dimecratic administrashen and reform,' he yelled, and immejitely accepted the invitashen uv a TILDEN delegate to take suthin."

One of the most recent proofs of the spirit of the party upon which Mr. TILDEN would have to depend, if elected, was furnished in a conference between the Honses of Congress upon the Sundry Civil Bill. There is a regular appropriation for the examination of the rebel archives—a most useful proceeding, because it throws great light upon the validity of Southern claims and claimants. It has already been fatal to many war and cotton claims, and has saved to the government many millions of dollars of "the people's money." The whole amount asked to continue the examination was but six thousand dollars, but the House conferees, of whom the majority are Democrats, struck it out of the appropriation bill, the consequence of which would be that the archives would be locked up from present examination, to the great profit of Southern claimants who do not wish to have a strong light thrown upon their claims. There are many millions of dollars of such claims. Let the party whose conferees propose to put an end to these examinations come into control of the government, and it is easy to see that one of the apprehensions at which it has always sneered would be justified.

Governor HAYES, it is said, must depend upon the Republican party. But Governor TILDEN must depend upon a party of whose spirit and purpose these are illustrations; which, indeed, is every where and constantly, under the hope of success, incautiously showing its character. Does it offer more hope for the kind of administration that all good citizens desire than its opponent? Is its animating impulse the guarantee of firm, economical, upright government, respecting all rights, and full of the spirit of the amended Constitution?

"A STRAIGHT ISSUE."

A CORRESPONDENT writes:

"In an article entitled 'A Straight Issue,' in the current number of your paper, you say, 'As he [Lieutenant-Governor DORSHEIMER] was Governor TILDEN'S trusted agent, and the New York member of the platform committee, that plank unquestionably represented Governor TILDEN'S hard-money views.'

"If my memory serves me aright, Lieutenant-Governor DORSHEIMER distinctly stated to the Convention that this plank was a mere compromise on the part of a decided majority of the Committee on Resolutions, and that a protest against it, as failing to give expression to their pronounced views, was signed by every Eastern member of that committee.

"It seems to me, therefore, that to just the extent that Mr. DORSHEIMER was 'Governor TILDEN'S trusted agent' is Governor TILDEN anxious to 'make a straight issue between soft and hard money.'

"*Was* 'Mr. DORSHEIMER'S money' 'the financial plank of the platform?'

"In several years' careful attention to your editorials I have become so accustomed to fairness that even an accidental suppression excites my surprise."

The facts, as we understand them, are that when Mr. EWING proposed his substitute, Mr. DORSHEIMER said that he proposed to make a straight issue between soft and hard money. He then explained how it was to be made. On the one hand, those who wanted soft money were to vote for Mr. EWING'S substitute; on the other, those who wanted hard money were to vote for a demand for the repeal of the only existing pledge to return to hard money, which he called a compromise so great that all the Eastern States had protested. The exact difference between the propositions was that EWING'S demanded the immediate repeal of the act of 1875, while the compromise demanded the repeal of the fixed date for resumption, which was the only clause in the bill that gained for it in Congress the support of the thorough hard-money men like Mr. SCHURZ.

Now the law as it stands promises to pay the demand notes on a certain day. A gentleman, representing Governor TILDEN, proposes to break that promise without any substitute, and to postpone payment indefinitely; and he represents that proposition to be a straight issue between hard and soft money. In our judgment the unconditional repeal of the part of a law which pledges resumption on a certain day is *quoad hoc* repudiation; and therefore nothing can be more preposterous than for its advocate to say that as against a repeal of the whole law, of which this is the important part, it is a straight issue between hard and soft money. Mr. TILDEN was elected Governor on a platform of "steady steps toward specie payments; no step backward;" and last year the Democrats in the New York Assembly voted almost unanimously, and in the Senate unanimously, for a resolution requesting legislation to put in force the resumption clause of which the Democratic National Convention now demands the repeal. If it be a compromise, Mr. TILDEN has taken a step backward; and if Mr. DORSHEIMER was his trusted agent, as we said, in approving that backward step, he did represent Governor TILDEN'S hard-money views, or, more precisely, the views which, for the purposes of an election, he thinks it judicious to have declared in the platform upon which he stands.

PERSONAL.

THE London *Pall Mall Gazette* highly commends President M'MAHON, of France, saying he has made himself simply the executive of the popular will, as manifested in the action of the legislative bodies, confining himself to constitutional limits when he might have followed distinguished precedents and indulged in a *coup d'état*. He has from first to last acted with absolute honesty and straightforwardness, and he will have his reward in the knowledge that but for him France would probably now be still unemancipated from the absolutism which breeds anarchy and is again engendered by it.

—Colonel SCHUYLER CROSBY, who appears to have behaved with admirable coolness and courage during the late disaster to the yacht *Mohawk*, is descended from an old Albany family, is thirty years of age, well built, good physique, and pleasant address. During the war of the rebellion he served on the staff of General SHERIDAN. He is a member of several clubs, and finds occupation in the care and management of his fortune, which is ample.

—When Dom PEDRO visited WHITTIER, the poet, at his home in Amesbury, one of the first questions he asked was in reference to the valley of the Merrimac and the Whitefield Church. This church is called the First Presbyterian Church in Newburyport, and was formed by WHITEFIELD one hundred and thirty years ago. The building contains a handsome marble monument of the great revivalist, and the present pastor is a worthy successor in point of ability, zeal, and success.

—That "some things can be done as well as others" has another illustration in the case of a gentleman who combines the rather unusual avocations of preacher and poulterer, dispensing the Gospel on Sundays, and dispensing game on other days of the week. This gentleman is the Rev. HALSEY W. KNAPP, a Baptist clergyman, and he is the chief poultry dealer in Washington Market. His church in this city is a mission one, yet his congregation is very large. He is a zealous worker, and is said to baptize more converts than any minister in the denomination. He baptizes nearly every Sunday night, holds a supplemental prayer-meeting, which usually lasts until ten o'clock, and thence to his house six miles away. Yet no man is at his stall earlier on Monday morning, or attends more vigorously to business. Mr. KNAPP has recently received the degree of D.D., and the market-men are quite proud of having so good and bright a man among their number.

—Messrs. LUX and MILLER, who a few years ago began business in San Francisco as butchers without any capital, now own 600,000 acres of land in the San Joaquin and Santa Clara valleys, California, upon which they pay about $40,000 yearly in taxes.

—Mr. WILL CARLETON will soon give to the public, through the press of HARPER & BROTHERS, a volume of poems for young folks—*A Centennial Tribute*. The poems are all new.

—Mr. CHARLES BRADLAUGH'S brother has renounced atheism, embraced Protestantism, and is now holding open-air meetings in London.

—Dr. THOMAS W. EVANS, the American dentist, of Paris, has been in Washington lately to promote the projected monument on the banks of the Seine. The suggestion of a simple shaft, commemorative of American gratitude to the Frenchmen who risked their lives for American independence, has been received with enthusiasm by the American colony in Paris.

—It was to a certain extent humorous, the call of Senator OGLESBY, of Illinois, and Representative FOSTER, of Ohio, on the Assistant Secretary of the Interior. The Senator introduced himself as "Mr. OGLESBY, of Illinois," and his companion as "Mr. FOSTER, of Ohio." The usual greetings were exchanged, a few commonplace remarks passed, and the A. S., straightening himself back in his chair, inquired, "Well, gentlemen, when did you leave home?"

—Mrs. ELIZABETH SHEPPARD gave a remarkable party at her old homestead near Flemington, New Jersey, on the 18th of July. The house is over a hundred years old, and is in a good state of preservation. The farm has been in possession of the family over a hundred years. A deed for a part of it, given while New Jersey was a province in the reign of King GEORGE the Second, is still in possession of the family. Mrs. SHEPPARD is eighty years old. Her father was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The late President WILLIAM H. HARRISON was her cousin. At the party were five sons and four daughters (the oldest sixty-four years, and the youngest forty-six), thirty grandchildren, and nineteen great-grandchildren. She has been a good Sheppard to that flock.

—Mr. LEONARD CASE, a wealthy citizen of Cleveland, Ohio, has given the Cleveland Library Association a large block of buildings, estimated to be worth $300,000.

—Notwithstanding Mr. DISRAELI'S years (seventy-one) and the cares of state, whenever an emergency arises he rises to the occasion, and goes into a debate with a resolution and energy which neither infirmities nor sickness have the power to subdue, and he astonishes friends and foes alike by the power and vigor he displays at unexpected moments. He can still wind up a debate at two in the morning with as much freshness and ability as he displayed a score of years ago. His ministry is very powerful, and there are no visible traces of an immediate revival of the Liberal party.

—Messrs. JOHN JACOB and WILLIAM ASTOR are about to erect in the chancel of Trinity Church in this city, at a cost of about one hundred thousand dollars, a memorial to the late WILLIAM B. ASTOR. It will be in the form of a Gothic altar and reredos, and will take the place of the present wooden structure. It will be mainly of Caen stone, although more precious stones will be used in its construction. It will be twenty-eight feet high by thirty-three feet wide, and will be filled with elaborate bass-reliefs of the events of Passion-week arranged in chronological order, beginning from the left with "Mary Magdalen washing the Feet of Christ," followed by the "Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem;" "Our Lord washing His Disciples' Feet;" the "Lord's Supper," after LEONARDO DA VINCI, which forms the principal feature of the seven, and is immediately over the altar; the "Agony in the Garden;" the "Betrayal;" and, last on the right, "Christ before Pilate." These representations are to be executed with the most artistic skill which can be procured, and are expected to be worthy of study. The altar proper is to be constructed of richly colored marbles of great rarity and value, ornamented in front with the designs of the pelican feeding its young, the "Lamb of God," angels, etc., the panels to be composed of enameled mosaics. In the centre of the front of the altar is to be a Maltese cross composed entirely of precious stones, arranged in an artistic manner.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: The arguments in the Belknap impeachment trial were closed July 26.—On the 24th the President signed the joint resolution for the issue of silver coin.—Senator Gordon, on the 25th, introduced a bill to establish "a competent and non-partisan revenue corps." Referred to Committee on Civil Service and Retrenchment.—The nomination of George F. Talbot as Solicitor of the Treasury Department, vice Bluford Wilson, resigned, was confirmed on the 24th.—The Senate, on the 22d, passed a bill appropriating $100,000 for the completion of the Washington Monument.—Both Houses adjourned early on the 27th, on account of the death of Senator Coperton, of West Virginia.

The Illinois State Democratic Convention met at Springfield, July 27 and nominated Lewis Stewart for Governor and A. A. Glenn for Lieutenant-Governor The Louisiana Democratic Convention met the same day at Baton Rouge, and nominated T. Nicholls for Governor and Louis A. Wiltz for Lieutenant-Governor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

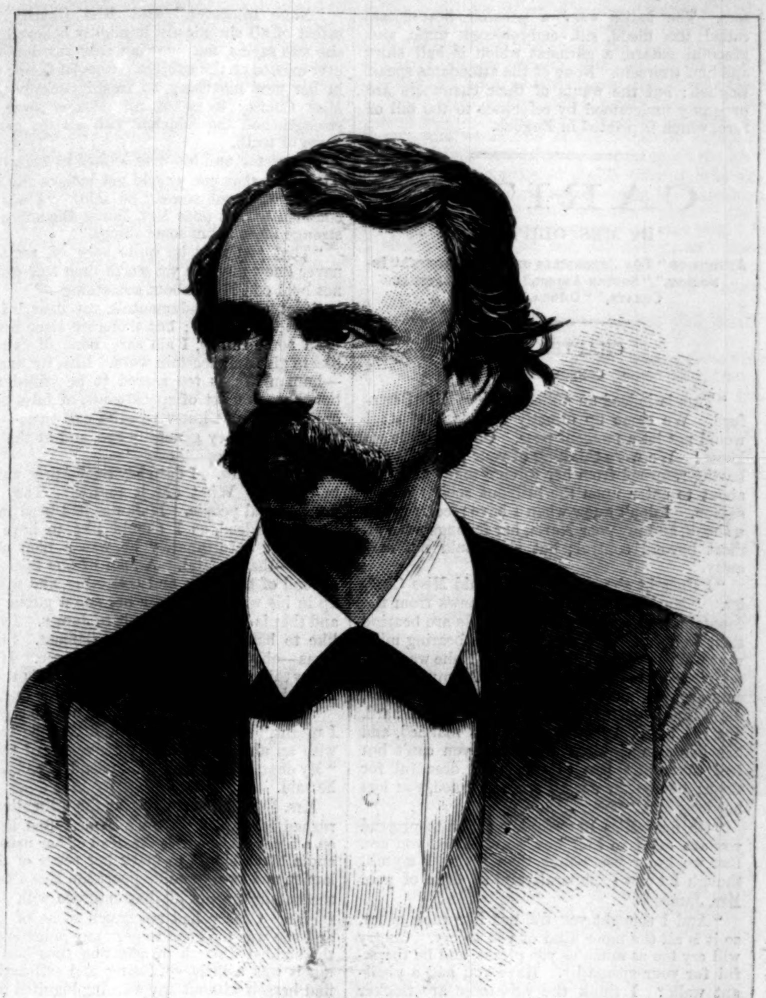
AN official dispatch received at Belgrade reports that the Turks attempted to cross the river Timok, which forms the eastern boundary of Servia, at Wrasognatz, July 24, but were repulsed with heavy loss. The Turks are reported to have dispersed the Montenegrins in the vicinity of Medun. Five thousand insurgents subsequently attacked the enemy, but were repulsed, losing considerably.

The town of Albeuve, Switzerland, was totally destroyed by fire, July 20.

The French Senate, July 21, rejected, by a vote of 144 to 139, the government bill restoring to the state the sole right of conferring university degrees.

THE "BLOODY SHIRT" REFORMED.

Governor Tilden. "It is not I, but the Idea of Reform which I represent."



THE HON. JAMES N. TYNER, POSTMASTER-GENERAL.
Photographed by J. Ulke, Washington, D. C.—[See Page 654.]

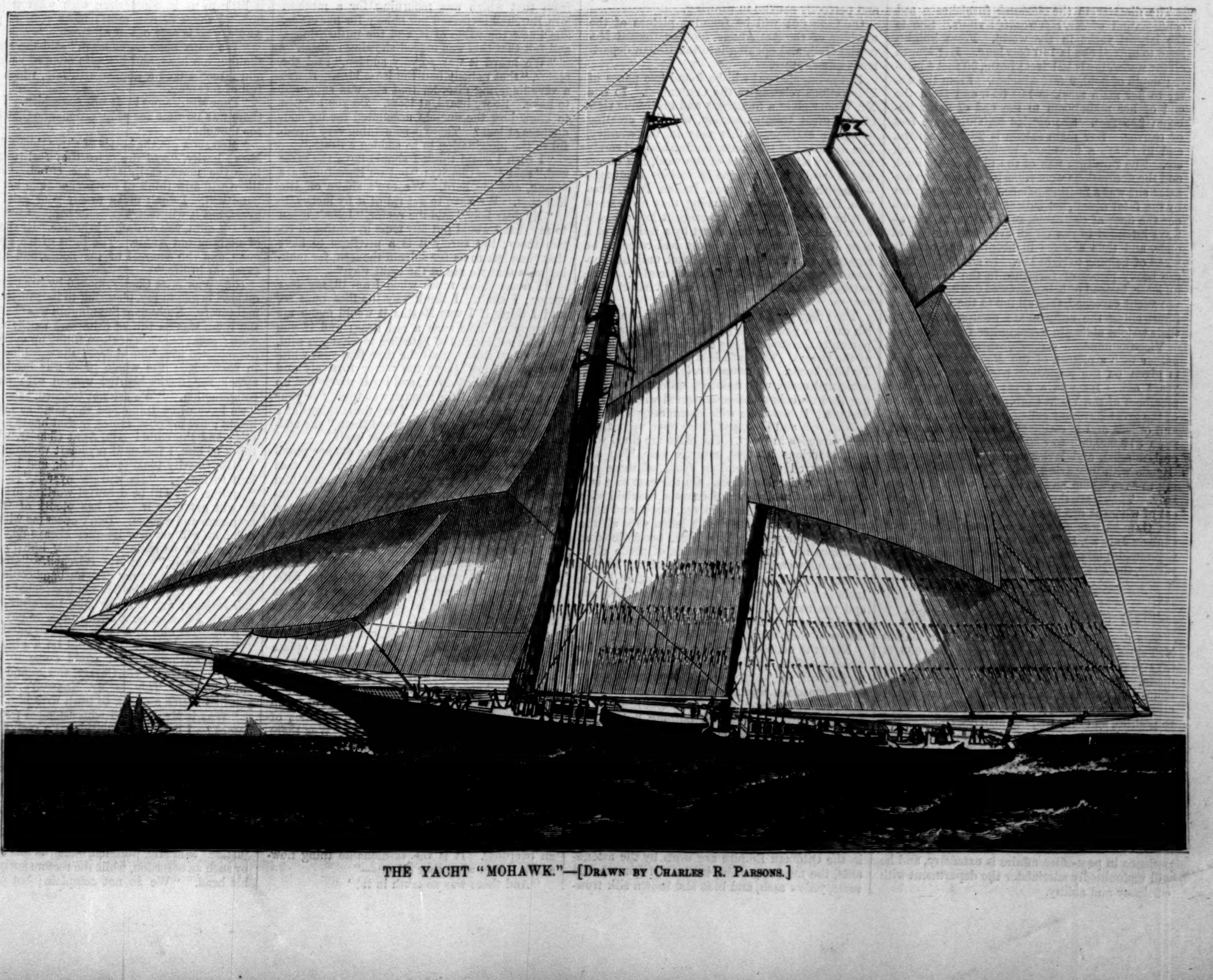
THE LATE WILLIAM T. GARNER.
[Photographed by Mora.]

THE "MOHAWK" DISASTER.

The recent sad disaster in the bay of New York, an account of which has already appeared in *Harper's Weekly*, has revived the discussion on the comparative merits of the American and the English system of yacht-building. Both sides are very fairly and strongly stated in the Rev. George H. Hepworth's new and very interesting book, called *Starboard and Port*, just published by Harper & Brothers. With reference to American yachts he says:

"Our craft seldom venture on long voyages, and would do themselves little credit in a northeast gale. They have generally very graceful lines, great breadth of beam, which makes them roomy and comfortable under deck, but are often so overloaded with spars and canvas that they are unfit for rough outside work. In our whole fleet there are hardly half a dozen boats which an old sailor would pronounce snugly trimmed. The main-boom runs outward as though the mast had fallen over the stern, and when the yacht is flying before a ten-knot breeze, the foot of the mainsail slaps the water, and makes such a swash that all the comfort of sailing is changed into anxiety for the rigging. Our topmasts, too, run up to such an incredible height that when the boat begins to roll in a seaway it seems as though she would never stop until she had jerked out her spars.

"I am ready to admit that our American yachts are the most graceful pieces of marine architecture in existence. Nothing can exceed the beauty of a regatta



THE YACHT "MOHAWK."—[Drawn by Charles R. Parsons.]

off Sandy Hook in a six or eight knot breeze. The white-winged craft skim over the water like the flight of gulls, while the hulls lose themselves in clouds of spotless canvas. It is an infinite pity, however, that their mission ends when the wind increases, and that before the stiff breeze which the fisherman or the pilot-boat only laughs at, they creep under a lee for safety. The truth is, they are built to look at, but not to last. That part of the hull which is seen is carefully looked after, but that part which is under the water-line is left to neglect.... We are consumed by a madness for speed, and every thing is sacrificed to that one quality. To make the best time is all we care for. We can run all round an English yacht in fair weather and smooth water; but when we are caught in a gale, and have to lie to for a couple of days, the Englishman eats his meals in serenity, assured that his boat will ride it out, while we chew the cud of discontent and look wistfully toward home....

"The crowning defect, and one which we are beginning to acknowledge, is the shape of the bows. They are so sharp that they not only cut through the water when it is smooth, but they also cut into it and under it when there is any seaway on. The only thing that holds the head of a yacht up in rough weather is its preposterous bowsprit and jib-boom. The fisherman is so fashioned above the water-line forward that when she dives into a sea she has wood enough to keep her on top of the water. There is so much wood and so much breadth by the cat-heads that when she plunges she instantly rises, while the yacht, which has no wood forward, and is as sharp as a knife, plunges and stays there until her deck as far aft as the fore-rigging is all under water. As an inevitable consequence, the whole head-gear is endangered at a time when the pilot-boat goes laughingly by with dry decks.

"A few of our larger craft are notable exceptions to this rule. The *Sappho*, the *Dauntless*, the *Enchantress*, the *Dreadnaught*, and some others, are perhaps not open to the criticisms I have made. And yet even these yachts are built so sharp that in an ordinary chop sea outside they run their noses under water in a very disagreeable way, imperiling their whole head-gear. They are all something over two hundred tons' burden, cost almost fabulous sums, and ought to be able to round the Horn as comfortably and safely as a full-rigged ship; and yet they are not the vessels in which an old salt would feel secure. It is not the mahogany, rose-wood, plate-glass, and general extravagance of outfit which frighten him, but the low bow and rail, the wedge-like prow which lets the water come aboard instead of dashing it aside, and which is so thin and sharp that there is scarcely any lifting quality in the boat except when the jib-boom and bowsprit strike the wave and buoy her up. Any yacht that measures a hundred tons, that has seventy-five feet of deck-room, ought to be able to go the wide world over, and to take whatever might come. With lower masts and shorter spars, the sails could be snugly trimmed close to the deck; and though something might be lost in speed, an enormous gain of safety would give an enviable and manly dignity to American yachting. Besides—and this is a consideration not to be despised—we should become a hardier and more venturesome race of boatmen, and spend our summers in distant waters, and in the acquisition of marine prowess—a quality of character in which we are sadly deficient. Long Island Sound is the disease of which we are dying. To that are we indebted for that evil invention, the centre-board. It has taught us to dread Cape Cod; and with its smoother water has taken the life out of our love for the ocean, and substituted the fascinations of a mill-pond. We crawl along inshore, and run for a harbor when the wind blows a reefing breeze. The play of a coaster or lumberman is the agony of a yacht. We are oppressed with the consciousness that our boats are not weatherly; that we have paid too much for brass and mahogany, and too little for good solid oak; that we have sacrificed every thing to a knife-like bow and fifteen knots an hour; and so we shake the rope's-end in the face of a Banker when we pass him this side of Newport, but dare not for our lives follow him to the big waves of the fishing-ground."

The disaster to the *Mohawk* furnishes a sad confirmation of Mr. HEPWORTH's views. She is the largest yacht in the world. From knight-head to taffrail she is 140 feet long. Her length on the water-line is 121 feet; beam, 30 feet 4 inches; depth of hold, 9 feet 4 inches. From the water to her main truck is 140 feet, and from the end of her main-boom to the end of flying jib-boom 235 feet. She carries 32,000 square feet of canvas. Her main saloon is 28 feet square, and in it are a fire-place, book-case, sideboard, etc. The furniture was of the most costly kind, and the decorations were superb. Before the disaster she was a floating palace. But when struck by the fatal squall, her ballast, laid unsecured under the floor of the cabin, as if the yacht was always intended to run on an even keel, shifted at once, and thus assisted in keeping her over instead of helping to right her. In addition to this, the heavy pieces of furniture in the cabin were all loose, instead of being screwed down, and when the yacht careened, they all fell to the lower side, imprisoning the unfortunate occupants, and by their weight aiding in keeping her from righting.

Vice-Commodore GARNER, whose portrait, together with a picture of the *Mohawk* under sail, is given on the preceding page, was thirty-six years old. He was a great favorite with the members of the Yacht Club. He was the owner of the great Harmony calico print mills at Cohoes, and others, and is estimated to have been worth from $19,000,000 to $30,000,000. He was liberal-minded, and lavished his money upon his friends with unsparing hands. His wife, in trying to save whom he lost his life, was a Southern lady. They leave three young daughters, the oldest of whom is not more than eight years of age. Mr. GARNER was elected a member of the Yacht Club on July 20, 1871, and to the position of Vice-Commodore last year. He has commanded three yachts, the *Breeze*, the *Magic*, and the *Mohawk*.

THE HON. JAMES N. TYNER.

THE new Postmaster-General, the Hon. JAMES N. TYNER, whose portrait is given on page 653, is fifty years old, and a native of Brookville, Indiana. He received an excellent common-school education, read law, and, as soon as the law would allow, commenced its practice. Of course he took to politics, as every Indiana man does, and at the age of thirty-one was elected Secretary of the Indiana Senate. From 1861 to 1866 he acted as a special agent of the Post-office Department. In 1868 he was elected to Congress, and was re-elected to the Forty-second and Forty-third Congresses. Immediately after leaving Congress Mr. TYNER was appointed Second Assistant Postmaster-General, and retained that office until his promotion to the head of the Department. His experience in post-office affairs is extensive, and he will undoubtedly administer the department with efficiency and ability.

THE CENTENNIAL.

THE Japanese section in the Main Building is a constant source of delight to lovers of curious and grotesque, and at the same time delicate and intricate, workmanship. The articles in bronze are especially wonderful, and represent an almost incredible amount of labor and skill. The Japanese gentleman in charge of the collection estimates the work on one of the large vases to be equivalent to 2250 days' steady labor for one man. The ground color of the finer vases is a dark steel, and a marked peculiarity is the use of gilt and silver bronze for inlaying—sometimes on flat surfaces for delicate tracery, and sometimes in high relief for figures of birds and animals, or for the costumes of men and women whose heads and arms are worked out in the steel bronze. There is no end to the variety in the decoration of the vases. The work abounds in curious conceits, grotesque shapes of birds, beasts, and human beings, mingled with strikingly faithful reproductions of leaves, vines, and other forms of nature. Another Japanese specialty is lacquered ware, of which there is a great variety on exhibition, running from pretty little cake trays, costing fifty cents, to elaborate cabinets valued at $1000 each. The art of lacquering has declined somewhat during the last 300 years, and the most ancient masterpieces can not be reproduced in these days, even in Japan, and the modern work does not show to advantage beside the old. There is one cabinet 350 years old which surpasses all the new in fine workmanship. The price of this gem of art is $5000.

On page 660 will be found two interesting groups of these Japanese articles, brought together and arranged especially for *Harper's Weekly*. The first has for a background a golden tinted screen, on which is a scroll of maple leaves in red and green, supported by a frame of ebony with ornamentation in gold. The cabinets and writing-desks are of the most exquisite workmanship. The central object in the group, a writing-desk, has been purchased by the Pennsylvania Museum, and the one immediately to the left of it by Mr. MOORE, of TIFFANY's, the price of each being somewhat over $300. The ornamentation is very delicate and beautiful.

The stork in the second group is of bronze. It is one of the most ancient objects of art in the collection. The figure appears in the ornamentation of many of the vases, and seems to be a favorite model with Japanese artists. The large ancient tea-caddy on the right of the stork is of very dark bronze. It is much worn, and a great part of the inlaid metal-work has crumbled out of its setting. The smaller tea-caddy in front of it is a gem of art. The lacquer-work is exquisite. The general tint is gold, varying with the light. The elephant-tusk vase on the left of the stork is ornamented with figures in gold. The vase is of bronze, inlaid with gold and silver. The screen against which these objects are relieved is embroidered with lotus flowers, beautiful in color and design, and perfectly artistic in drawing.

On page 661 will be found a picture of the corridor of the Art Annex, looking toward Memorial Hall, and opening into the Italian department of sculpture.

In the Supplement will be found two pages of illustrations relating to the Centennial. In one Mr. WOOLF gives a humorous and grotesque view of the great tramp question, which is creating so much excitement this year in the country. The occupant of the house, finding himself sorely beset by modern knights of the road, has covered his dwelling with signs in various languages—English, French, German, Italian, Irish, Russian, Hebrew, etc.—announcing that no tramps will be fed there. The experiment has actually been tried with excellent effect by a resident of a New Jersey town, whose house had come to be regarded as a wayfarer's free hotel, until his hospitality was wearied out by the abuse of it. Since putting up the warning signs the evil has entirely ceased.

The other page represents scenes in the Turkish café—a place which affords an excellent opportunity for studying the costumes and manners of the Orient. The café is a department of the Turkish Bazar. It occupies a large, well-lighted, octagonal room, with a domed ceiling painted in the Turkish colors and ornamented with Turkish designs. It has three wide entrances, painted in yellow, red, and blue, and these open upon three cool verandas in front. The sides are lined with soft, luxurious lounges, covered with blue and straw-colored plush, and in front of these are many little circular tables. On the east side is a dark walnut neatly carved counter, overlaid with a rich cloth, embroidered in red, black, and gold, and covered with glass dishes laden with all the Oriental delicacies. The high, breezy-looking windows are hung with curtains of perde cloth handsomely embroidered, and two of the corners of the octagon are filled with pipes of all kinds, including many representations of the chibouque and the nargileh, or water pipe, and these are presided over by Turks attired in the quaint costumes of their country.

Near the main counter is a copper brazier for making coffee, which is served in little cups or zarfs about the size of an egg-cup, the tiny vessels themselves being inclosed in a silver holder. The brazier is heated with a charcoal fire, and its only compartment contains nothing but boiling water. When coffee is called for, one of the Turks places a heaping spoonful of ground and browned "Mocha" in a little silver dipper of about the capacity of the cup, adds a little sugar, fills up with hot water from the diminutive boiler, stirs the mixture together, and holds it over the glowing charcoal until it almost reaches the boiling-point. It is next turned into the cup.

The picturesque costumes familiar to travelers in the Ottoman Empire are worn by the attendants, the men appearing in the red fez cap, red tunic, yellow sash, and blue and brown silk trowsers. The ladies wear a peculiar head-dress, called the dieda, silk-embroidered tunic, and graceful entare, a garment which is half skirt and half trowsers. None of the attendants speak English; but the wants of their customers are promptly understood by reference to the bill of fare, which is printed in English.

CARITA.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD," "INNOCENT," "SQUIRE ARDEN," "THE PERPETUAL CURATE," "OMBRA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONSOLATION.

"THIS is indeed an affliction, dear Miss Beresford. We came up directly we heard of it; I would not let a moment pass. Oh, how little we know! We were thinking of your poor niece as having returned from her foreign tour; as being about to enter upon the brilliant society of the season. I don't know when I have received such a shock, and my poor Maria, her feelings were almost beyond control; but she would not stay away."

"I thought she would come," said Miss Charity. "Maria always likes to get news from the fountain-head, and to see how people are bearing their troubles. Yes, my dear, I am bearing mine very well, as you see. Poor Annie! she was only my niece by marriage after all. At my age one sees even one's own nieces, women with families, die without deep trouble. It may sound hard, but it's true. When a woman is married, and has her own children about her, you can't but feel that she's less to you. It's dreadful for them; but, so far as you are concerned, you lost her long ago."

"Oh, dear Miss Beresford, you like to pretend you are calm, to hide how soft-hearted you are. But we know you better than that. I myself, though I knew (comparatively) so little of poor Mrs. James—"

"And I thought you did not like each other, so it is all the more kind of you to cry. Cherry will cry too as much as you please, and be thankful for your sympathy. Have you had a pleasant walk? I think the primroses are thicker than ever this spring. We have been sending up basketfuls. She was fond of them—" Here the old lady faltered for a moment. This was the kind of allusion that melted her, not straightforward talk. She was in profound black, a great deal more crape than the dress-maker thought at all necessary; but Miss Charity had her own views on these subjects. "Put double upon me, and take it off the child," she had said, to the wonder of the trades-people, who felt that the mourning for a niece by marriage was a very different thing from that which was mourning for a mother. Mrs. Burchell respected her chiefly for her crape. She knew the value of it, and the unthriftiness, and felt that this was indeed showing respect.

"We heard it was so very sudden," said the rector, "that nobody had the least idea. It was a very lingering disorder that she was supposed to have. So we heard, at least. Do you happen to know how the doctors accounted for its suddenness at last? There is something very dreadful to the imagination in so sudden a death."

"I wish I could think I should have the same end," said Miss Charity; "but we Beresfords are strong, and die hard. We can't shake off life like that. We have to get rid of it by inches."

"My dear lady," said the rector, "I don't mean to say that I would put any trust in death-bed repentances; but surely it is a privilege to have that time left to us for solemn thought, for making sure that we are in the right way."

"I never think much when I am ill, my dear rector; I can't. I think why the flies buzz so, and I think if I was Martha it would make me unhappy to have such a red nose; and if you came to me, instead of listening to what you said, I should be thinking all the time that your white tie was undone" (here the rector furtively and nervously glanced down, and instinctively put up his hand to feel if the remark was true), "or your coat rusty at the elbows. I say these things at a hazard, not that I ever remarked them," she added, laughing. "You are tidiness itself."

The rector was put out by these chance possibilities of criticism, and could not but feel that Miss Charity's quick eyes must have seen him with his white tie untidy, loosely unfastened, under his beard. He had grown a beard, like so many clergymen, and it was not an improvement. Instead of looking clean, as he once did, he looked black and coarse, a mixture of sea-captain and divine. He kept putting up his hand stealthily all the time he remained, and inviting his wife, with nervous glances, to let him know if all was right. Unfortunately he could not see it under the forest of black beard.

"We heard," said his wife, coming to his relief, "that there was something about an opiate—an overdose, something of that sort—that poor Mrs. James had taken it without measuring it, or— You know how every thing is exaggerated. I was quite afraid, and so glad to see the death in the paper without any inquest or formalities of that kind, which must be so painful. Was there really nothing in the story of the opiate? It is so strange how things get about."

"I don't think it at all strange, Maria. The servants call in a strange doctor, in their fright, who does not know any thing about her case or temperament. He hears that she has to take some calming drops to relieve her pain, and of course he jumps, in his ignorance, to the idea of an overdose. It is the fashionable thing nowadays. It is what they all say—"

"And there was *no* truth in it?"

"None whatever," said Miss Charity, who, safest of all chroniclers, implicitly believed what she was saying, not knowing that any doubt had ever existed on the subject. She sat facing them in her new mourning, so freshly, crisply black. Miss Charity knew of no mystery even, and strengthened the delusion with all the genuine force of truth.

The rector and his wife looked at each other. "It shows that one should not believe the tenth part of what one hears," he said. "I was told confidently that poor Mrs. James Beresford held strange ideas about some things."

"That you may be quite sure of, rector. I never knew any one yet worth their salt who did not hold odd ideas about something—"

"Not about fundamentals, my dear lady. I am not strait-laced; but there are some matters—on some things, I am sure, none of us would like to give an uncertain word. Life, for example—human life, is too sacred to be trifled with; but there is a set of speculatists, of false philosophers—I don't know what to call them—skeptics, infidels they generally are, and at the same time radicals, republicans."

"Ah, politics. I dare say poor Annie was odd in politics. What did it matter? They were not political people. If James had been in Parliament, indeed, as I should like to have seen him; but unfortunately he was a man of fine tastes—that is fatal. A man of fine tastes, who is fond of traveling, and collecting, and wrapped up in his wife, will never become a public man; and that is my greatest fault to James. I should like to have seen him in Parliament. Strange ideas—oh yes, queer to the last degree. If there is any thing worse than republicanism (is there?), I should think poor Annie went in for that."

"That is bad enough, but it is not exactly what I meant," said the rector; and then he rose up with an air of the deepest conventional respect. "My dear, here is your kind friend, Miss Cherry," he said.

Mrs. Burchell sprang up at the intimation, and rushed forward with open arms. She had put on a black merino dress instead of her usual silk, and a black shawl, to mark her sense of the calamity, and swallowed up poor slim Miss Cherry in the entanglements of that embrace with solemn fervor. Cherry had not much sense of humor, and she was too good to pass any judgment upon the sudden warmth of affection thus bestowed; but it was a little confusing and suffocating to find herself without any warning ingulfed in Mrs. Burchell's old merino and the folds of her shawl.

"Oh, my dear, dear Cherry, if I could but tell you how I feel for you! How little did we think when we last met—"

"You are very kind," said Miss Cherry, drawing herself forth somewhat limp and crushed from this embrace. "I am sure you are very kind." The lips quivered and the tears came to her eyes; but she was not so overwhelmed as her consoler, who had begun to sob. "It is my poor brother I think of," said Miss Cherry. "It is little to us in comparison with what it is to him. I think of him most; more than of poor Annie, who is safe out of all trouble."

"We must hope so, at least," said the rector, shaking his head, and his wife stopped sobbing, and interchanged a glance with him, which was full of meaning.

"Poor Mrs. James! It was so sudden. I fear there was no time for preparation—no time even for thought?"

"Men soon get the better of these things," said Miss Charity, "and the more they feel it at the time the more easily they are cured. Cherry there will still think of her longer than her husband will. I don't mean to say your grief's so great, but it will last."

"Oh, aunt, you do James injustice. He thought of nothing but Annie. The light of his eyes is gone, and the comfort of his house, and all he cares for in life."

Here poor Miss Cherry, moved by her own eloquence, began to cry, picturing to herself this dismal future. Nothing at Sunninghill was changed: the room was as full of primroses as the woods were; great bunches of them filling up every corner mingled with blue violets; the sunshine came in unclouded; the whole place was bright. It struck the tender-hearted woman with sudden compunction. "We are not touched," she said; "we have every thing just the same as ever, as bright; but my poor James, in that house by himself; and the child! Oh, Aunt Charity, when I think of him, I feel as if my heart would break."

Miss Charity took up her work and began to knit furiously. "He will get over it," she said, "in time. It will be dreadful work at first; but he will get over it. He has plenty of friends, both men and women. Don't upset me with your talk; he will get over it—men always do."

"And let us hope it will draw him to think more seriously," said Mrs. Burchell. "Oh, I am sure if you thought my dear husband could be of use. We all know he has not been what we may call serious; and oh, dear Miss Beresford, would not this affliction be a cheap price to pay for it, if it brought him to a better state of mind?"

"His wife's life? It would be a high price for any advantage that could come to him, I think. Dry your eyes, Cherry, and go and put on your bonnet. This is Mr. Maxwell's day, and you had better go back to town with him."

"Was it Mr. Maxwell who attended poor Mrs. James? I hope he is considered a clever man."

"How oddly you good people speak! Do you want to insinuate that he is not a clever man? He takes charge of my health, you know, and he has kept me going long enough. Eh? I am irritable. I suppose we are all put out. You good quiet folks, with all your children about, nothing happening to you—"

"Indeed, Miss Beresford, you do us great injustice," said Mrs. Burchell, stung, as was natural, by such an assertion, while the rector slowly shook his head. "We do not complain; but perhaps

if we were to tell all, as some people do—nothing happening to us!—ah, how little you know."

"Well, well, let us say you have a great many troubles; you can feel, then, for other people. Ah, here is Mr. Maxwell. Don't talk of me now; don't think of me, my good man. I am as well—as well—a great deal better than a poor useless woman of nearly threescore and ten has any right to be when the young are taken. How is James?"

The doctor, who had come in by the open window with a familiarity which made the rector and his wife look at each other, sat down by the old lady's side and began to talk to her. Miss Cherry had gone to put on her bonnet, and by-and-by Mr. and Mrs. Burchell rose to take their leave.

"I am so glad to hear that, sad as it was, it was a natural death, and one that you expected," said the rector, taking Maxwell aside for a moment.

The doctor stared at him with somewhat fiery eyes. "A natural death? Mrs. Beresford's? What did you expect it to be?"

"Oh, my dear Sir, I don't mean any thing. We had heard very—so many things are said—"

"You should put a stop to them, then," said the other, who was not without temper, and he and Miss Charity paused in their sudden talk, as the visitors disappeared, to interchange some remarks about the clergy which were not complimentary.

"What they can mean by making up such wicked lies, and putting a slur upon her memory, poor child!" said the old lady with a sudden gush of hot tears.

The doctor said something very hotly about "meddlesome parsons," and hastily plunged again into descriptions of poor James. The other was not a subject on which he could linger. "I never saw a man so broken-hearted; they were always together; he misses her morning, noon, and night. Cherry must come to him; she must come at once," he said, forgetting how long it was since he had spoken of Cherry before by her Christian name. But Miss Charity noticed it with the keen spectator instinct of her age, and ruminated in an under-current of thought even while she thought of "poor James," whether Maxwell's faith in Cherry "meant any thing," or if new combinations of life might be involved in the sequences of that death scene.

The same thought was in the minds of the clerical pair as they went down the hill. "Will *that* come to any thing?" they said to each other.

"It is a nice little property," said the rector, "and I suppose she will have every thing."

"But if I was Cherry," said Mrs. Burchell, "I should not like to be thrown at his head in that very open way. Going with him to town. It is as good as offering her to him."

"She is no longer young, my dear," said the rector, "and people nowadays have not your delicacy."

"Oh, I have no patience with their nonsense!" she cried; "and their friendships, forsooth—as if men and women could ever be friends!"

And it is possible that in other circumstances Miss Cherry's tranquil soul might have owned a flutter at thought of the escort which she accepted so quietly to-day; but she was absorbed with thoughts of her brother and of the possible use she might be, which was sweet to her. Miss Charity shook her head doubtfully. "It is not Cherry that will help him," she said, "but the child will be the better of a woman in the house."

Really that was what Mr. Maxwell wanted—a woman in the house; something to speak to, something to refer any thing to; something to blame, even, if things were not all right. The funeral was over, and all that dismal business which appalls yet gives a temporary occupation and proud support to the sorrowful. And now the blank of common life had recommenced.

"Perhaps she will not help him much; but she will be there," said the doctor. He was glad for himself that a soft-voiced, soft-eyed, pitying creature should be there. There was help in the mere fact, whatever she might say or do.

Cara had been living a strange life through these melancholy days. She had not known, poor child, the full significance of that scene by her mother's bedside, of which she was a witness. She did not fully understand even now; but glimmers of horrible intelligence had come to her during that interview in the library, and the things she had heard afterward from the servants had enlightened her still more. She heard the whispers that circulated among them, terrified whispers, said half under their breath. That she had done it herself—that she knew, poor dear, what she was doing—that if any thing had been known, there would have been an inquest, and things would have come out. This was what Cara heard breathing about in half whispers, and filling her with strange pains, lest her secret should escape her. She knew the secret, and she only. Nobody had questioned, but the child's impulse to tell had bound her very soul for days after. She had resisted it, she had felt guilty and miserable to know something which no one else knew; but she had kept the secret. "Don't let us brand her with the name of suicide." These words seemed to ring in her ears night and day. She repeated them over and over to herself. "Don't let us brand her with the name of suicide."

"No, no," poor Cara said to herself, trembling—"no, no;" though this premature and horrible secret weighed down her heart like a visible burden. Oh, if she could but have told it to nurse, or to Aunt Cherry! but she must not, not even to papa. When her aunt arrived, it was mingled torture and relief to the poor child. She clung round her with sobbing, longing so to tell; but even to cling and to sob was consolatory, and Aunt Cherry wanted no explanation of that unusual depth of childish distress. "Cara was not like other children," she said to herself. She had feelings which were deeper and more tender. She was "sensitive;" she was "nervous." She was more loving than the ordinary children, who cry one moment and forget the next. And kind Cherry, though her own grief was of the milder secondary kind, as was natural, had always tears of sympathy to give for the grief of others. She took the little girl almost entirely into her own care, and would talk to her for hours together: about being "good," about subduing all the little irritabilities in order to please mamma, who was in heaven, and would be grieved in her happiness to think that her child was not "good." Cara was greatly awed and subdued by this talk. It hushed her, yet set her wondering; and those conversations were sometimes very strange ones which went on between the two in their melancholy and silent hours.

"Does every body go to heaven who dies?" said Cara, with awe-stricken looks.

Miss Cherry trembled a little, having some fear of doctrine before her eyes. "Every body, I hope, who loves God. There are bad people, Cara; but we don't know them, you and I."

"Who love God; but I never think of God, Aunt Cherry. At least I do now; I wonder. But if they did not do that, would they still go to heaven all the same?"

"God loves us, dear," said Cherry, with the tears in her soft eyes. "Fathers and mothers love their children, whether their children love them or not. That is all we know."

"Whatever they do? if they even laugh and do wrong? Yes," said Cara, very thoughtfully, "I suppose papa would not send me away out into the dark if I did ever so wrong."

"I am sure he would not; but you must not think of such things, dear; they are too difficult for you. When you are older you will understand better," Cherry said, faltering, and with something in her heart which contradicted her; for did not the child "understand" better than she?

Then Cara started another difficulty, quite as appalling; facing it with innocent confidence, yet wonder. "What sort of a place," she asked, softly, looking up with her blue eyes full of serious faith and awe, "is heaven?"

"Oh, my dear," said Miss Cherry, "you ask me what I would give all I have in the world to know. There are so many whom I love there."

"But what do you *think?* Often when one doesn't know, one has an *idea*. I don't know Italy or India, but I think something. Aunt Cherry, tell me what you think."

"Oh, Cara, my darling, I don't know what it is *like*. I know there is no trouble or pain in it, and that God is not so far off as here. No, He is not far off here; but we can't see Him. And we are such poor dull creatures. And I *think*, Cara, I *think* that our Lord must be always about there. That people may go and stand on the road-side and see Him pass, and talk to Him, and be satisfied about every thing."

"How—be satisfied about every thing?"

"Oh, child! *I* should not want any thing more. He sees both sides, my darling, both here and there, and understands. I am sure they must be able to speak to Him, and go to Him, whenever they will—"

This thought brought great tears—a suffusion of utter wistfulness yet heart-content to Cherry's eyes. Little Cara did not know what was meant by the words so well as she might have done. She did not understand this conception of the great Creator as a better-taught child might do. But she said to herself, all secretly, "If there is One like *that*, whether it is in heaven or earth, I might tell Him, and it would be no harm."

While Miss Cherry dried her eyes, her heart lightened by that overflowing. Perhaps, though they had not seen it, He had passed that way, and heard the babble—what was it wiser?—between the woman and the child.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"STRUCK IT RICH."

THE prospecter forms a characteristic feature of life in the mining regions of the far West. He is the real pioneer in the wilderness, the first element in the civilization of the West. Although undergoing many privations and hardships, and subsisting on the simplest necessaries of existence, the wild and independent life he leads acquires a strange fascination over him, and after once entering upon it, he seldom breaks away, only feeling happy when among his beloved mountains.

The prospecters shown in our front-page illustration are in the famous Black Hills region, and are equipped for a ten days' trip. Provisions, consisting of flour, bacon, coffee, some baking powder, and salt, are rolled inside the blankets and slung over the shoulder, while from convenient points are suspended a frying-pan, tin cup, and pail, which, with the pick on the shoulder and the knife and revolver hung in the belt, complete the outfit. On more extended trips farther from supplies, the *burro* becomes a necessity for packing. After days and perhaps years of fruitless search for the precious metal, his practiced eye discovers the hidden wealth in what to the ordinary observer would seem a dull and uninteresting piece of rock, and he has, in his own words, "struck it rich."

The prospecter, says the *Silver World*, belongs to the genus mountaineer; species, fortune-hunter. Armed with a jackass and a clay pipe, he is an element in the life and development of the land of gold, silver, and novelty, without which it would be meat without salt, bread without leaven. His wants and necessities are as simple as his hopes and prospects are unbounded. He will subsist on a diet of flour, bacon, hope, yeast powder, and pine-tar whiskey with the same fortitude that his jackass does on thistles, and not make half as much noise about it either. Waking you up before Phœbus has washed his face for breakfast, he will thrill you from the top of your head to the bottom of your pocket with the solemn assurance that he is "heeled away back," "struck the biggest thing yet." Any day you may see this quaint, curious specimen of humanity, armed with a pick, looking for the forever-hunted "golden fleece," looking as though he had lost his jackknife or wits. He will follow "float" for miles over mountains that would make life a burden to a goat, and then, perchance, when he strikes his lode and begins to think of all the bottom farms he is going to buy back in the States very soon, suddenly makes the discovery that some prospecting brother has staked the same claim two weeks before. Then he goes home to find his camp fire turned upside down and a rich lode opened in its place. So it goes, and yet he ever looks forward to the time when he shall strike some enormous bonanza that will release him from the hardships of his calling, and surround him with wealth and ease.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

AUGUST, 1876.

Sunday,	13.—Ninth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	20.—Tenth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	24.—St. Bartholomew.
Sunday,	27.—Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday,	3.—Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	10.—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	17.—Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	21.—St. Matthew.
Sunday,	24.—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	28.—St. Michael and All Angels.

THE statements presented to the International Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations, at Toronto, Canada, revealed an amount of activity surprising to all who have not made recent Association work a careful study. Nearly 800 Associations were reported to the Convention. Of these, 673 report 79,195 members. The expenses of 376 were $301,337; 283 Associations have reading-rooms; 221 have libraries, which contain in the aggregate 172,102 volumes. Fifty-four associations have during the year relieved 9482 persons by procuring situations for them. As many as 105 secretaries and agents devote their whole time to Association work. There is an international committee which held during last year two meetings, and also a "Bund" or union of German-speaking Associations. The Associations are represented in the Centennial Exposition by a map showing the location of every one in the country, and 200 publications. Only eight years ago attention was directed to railway workmen, who number 800,000 in the United States; through the activity of Mr. LANG SHEAFF numerous meetings have been held for their benefit at important railway centres. A Conference of Christian Associations of all lands was held in the city of Hamburg, in August, 1875, at which this country was represented both by a delegate and narrative of progress printed in the French, Dutch, English, and German languages.

Of some of the distinguished strangers who attended the Convention, the *British American Presbyterian* says: "Mr. WILLIAMS, of London, as the founder of Young Men's Christian Associations, was the object of much interest. He is gifted with a fund of quiet humor and of earnestness that makes him always a welcome occupant of the floor or the platform. His companion, Mr. HEDDEN, is the type of an accomplished and devout Englishman. Various delegates spoke on the railway question, whose words were very telling." St. Louis was selected as the place for holding the next International Convention.

A call has been issued for a meeting of the bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, at Philadelphia, October 13, 1876, for the following purposes: (1) to elect a missionary bishop for Cape Palmas, Africa, and a missionary bishop for China; (2) to receive the resignation of the Rev. Dr. WILLIAM F. ADAMS, missionary bishop of New Mexico and Arizona; (3) to receive and act upon Commissions of the House of Bishops, having charge of its relations with churches abroad; (4) to consider the circular of the Archbishop of Canterbury in respect to a second Pan-Anglican Synod.

The Landtag of Saxony has passed an important measure—a law establishing the supremacy and supervision of the state over the property and appointments of the Roman Catholic Church. It is similar to the famous FALK law of Prussia. In the House of Peers it was opposed by the court party, one opponent being the brother of the king. The king, in his speech from the throne on the eve of the adjournment of the Diet, expressed his satisfaction with this legislation, as promising the establishment of peace between the Church and the state. That a Roman Catholic king should favor such a law is a significant indication of the state of public opinion in Europe.

The Sunday-school Assemblies which give those who attend them a taste of tent life are just now very numerous. That at Lake Bluff, near Cazenovia, was addressed by Dr. TALMAGE, Governor BEVERIDGE, Mr. OSTRANDER, and other speakers. Mr. OSTRANDER represented Oriental costumes and manners in lively fashion. At Fair Point, on Chautauqua Lake, the models of Jerusalem and of Palestine were reproduced. At Wellesley Island, St. Lawrence River, the Sunday-school Parliament was frequented by hundreds of visitors. Among the speakers announced was HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The debate in the Lutheran body of this country on the questions of strict adherence to the Augsburg Confession, and the recognition of other Protestant Churches, reveals a wide divergence of opinion. It may be stated generally that the strict Confessionalists are numerous among the Lutherans who have more recently come from Germany. At the meeting of the "Synodical Conference," which began in St. Paul, Minnesota, July 20, this entire subject was discussed in a series of propositions. They are such as the following: "The Augsburg Confession is the external bond of union among all Lutherans; the principles of the Confession are violated whenever a Lutheran ecclesiastical body sanctions exchange of pulpits or communion at the altar with non-Lutherans." The Synodical Conference represents 984 ministers, 1621 congregations, and 237,435 members, being the largest of the Lutheran representative bodies in the United States. It was resolved to celebrate appropriately the three-hundredth anniversary of the adoption of the "Formula Concordiæ," which occurs May 29, 1877.

The election of the Rev. W. STEVENS PERRY as bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Iowa has been confirmed by the requisite majority of standing committees of other dioceses.—The vote by which the Rev. Dr. S. FALLOWS was elected missionary bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church was—clergy, 30 out of 34; laity, 31 out of 34.

The National Conference of the Unitarians will be held in Saratoga September 12. The Conference meets biennially.

The policy of gratuitously educating young men for the ministry of Protestant churches has so far come into question that modifications of it begin to be suggested. The *Presbyterian Banner*, of Pittsburg, says of the administration of the Board of Education of that Church: "If the Board is to continue to receive the contributions of the churches, the Presbyteries must give greater heed to the character, possible attainments, and capabilities of the candidates, and professors must not fail to be careful in reporting their standing."—Dr. JACOBUS having declined the position of Secretary of the Presbyterian Education Board, the Rev. Dr. D. W. POOR, of San Francisco, has been elected. Dr. POOR is the son of the well-known missionary of that name.

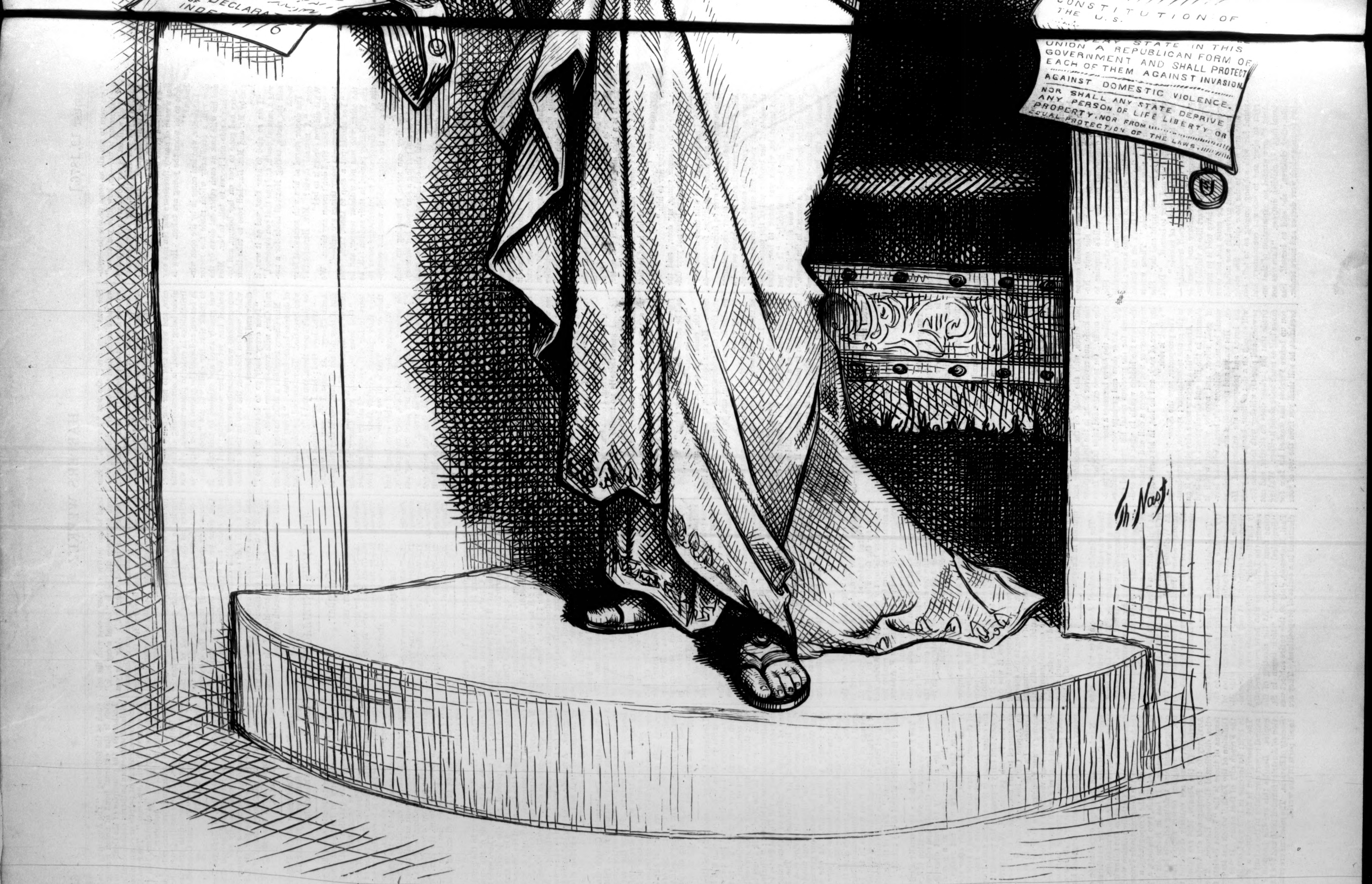
The great French pilgrimage to the grotto of Lourdes was one of the events of the summer for the papal party in France. There were thirty-five bishops present, and the pilgrims were estimated to number 100,000. On the first day the grand altar of the Church of the Immaculate Conception was dedicated. After the dedication Monsignor MERMILLOD, the banished Bishop of Geneva, delivered an address on the "Social and Intellectual Influence of Christianity." Many cheers for the Pope were given by the crowd of pilgrims. A miracle, occurring just at the proper moment of time, and with suitable circumstances, was also announced.

The Southern Presbyterian Church steadily recovers from the prostration which followed the civil war, and in its recent statistics gives evidence of healthy growth. During the year ending April 1, 1876, there was an increase of 4852 members. The number of ministers is, however, not increasing, 1079 being reported in 1876, against 1084 in 1875. There are 1821 churches, against 1797 in 1875. The total number of communicants is 112,183. The money contributed in 1875 for all purposes, including ministerial support, was $1,138,681.

Lieutenant CAMERON's sneer at Christian missionaries in Africa as being men who had failed "as cobblers and hair-dressers" has provoked much comment in our country. The facts of the secular benefits of Christian missions are so many that such disparaging words are easily refuted. A writer in the New York *Times* brings together some of unusual interest: "The imphee and sorghum trade in the United States is now one of millions of dollars of annual value. It was introduced by missionaries. The Peace Commissioners testify that in saving cost of Indian wars by peaceful influences, one mission on our Western frontier has saved our government over twenty million dollars. At one single point in South Africa missionaries have been directly the means of introducing 3000 American plows. Marine insurance records show that the great insurance organizations acknowledge the savings of plunder from wrecks in the islands of the Pacific, through the kindness and honesty instilled into the natives by the missionaries, as being vast in amount." Facts of this character can be multiplied almost to any extent.

The French Senate has, by a small majority, rejected M. WADDINGTON's education bill, which took away from the Catholic and other free universities the authority to grant degrees. Although the bill was pressed as a government measure, the ministry will not resign. The House of Deputies, immediately after the vote of the Senate, gave the ministers a vote of confidence. Although the Senate is reactionary, the other House is more radical than its predecessor, and fairly represents the present temper of the French people. M. WADDINGTON has announced to the managers of the Lycées that an Alpine Club has been officially created in France. Its object, he states, is to encourage among young Frenchmen a taste for travel, and to redeem their vacations from idleness. This Protestant head of French instruction does not relax for a moment his purpose to reorganize the education of the country. He has all the power of "the Church" arrayed against him.

Nowhere is the thorough organization of the Roman Catholic Church better exhibited than in its administration of foreign missions. A recent Dutch prize essay gives the following condensed summary of Catholic mission work: At the head stands the Congregatio de Propaganda Fide (usually called the Propaganda), a college of twenty-six cardinals, two bishops, a priest, and a secretary. It has in Rome six training colleges, and also training schools in other cities. The religious orders supply many missionaries; some are entirely dedicated to this service. Of the Jesuits, 1558 are missionaries. Auxiliary to the Propaganda are various societies distributed through Europe. The most famous of these is the "Lyons Society for the Diffusion of the Faith," which has its centre in the French city of that name. It was founded in 1822; its income in 1872 was 5,602,645 francs. The subscription is five centimes a week. Its annual report circulates to the extent of 235,000 copies. Besides this are the Leopold Foundation of Austria (founded 1829) and the Ludwig's Society of Bavaria. The missions are established in all parts of the world.



DECLARATION OF EQUALITY.—*Justice.* "Five more Wanted."

WHITE LEAGUE.
WHITE LINERS.
K. K. K.
NEGROES SHOT IN COLD BLOOD AT HAMBURG. S.C.
BLOOD
SOUTHERN RIOTS.
ONE WHITE.
SIX BLACKS
CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.

LOVE'S ARGUMENT.

O HEART, be glad! In sunshine's grace
I met my lover face to face;
We but "changed eyes," and by that sign
My heart was his, and his was mine.

Dreaming, I waited till he spoke,
Then unto Life and Love awoke;
I had no doubts, I had no fears—
That moment was the sum of years.

"Ah, no! it is not so," I say:
"True Love it groweth day by day,
Is warmed by smiles, and wet by tears,
Girdled with changing hopes and fears.

"At first 'tis but a childish joy,
The smiling of a girl and boy,
And must both Time and Sorrow know
Before it to full stature grow."

So wise, sweet friend, and yet you fail;
You have not been within the veil,
Or you had seen with open eyes
This mighty, godlike Love arise.

No foolish boy with roving wings,
That honeyed darts at random flings;
For Passion, Pride, and Wealth a tool,
Put out to nurse, and sent to school;

But a divinity that speaks,
"Awake, Sweetheart!" and straightway breaks
A lordlier light than sunshine's glow,
A sweeter life than mortals know.

I bow me to his fond command,
Take life's great glory from his hand;
Crowned in one moment's sweet surprise,
When I and—Somebody—"changed eyes."

MR. TILDEN AND HIS SUPPORTERS.

THE ultramontane or Roman Catholic party in the city of New York elected Mayor WICKHAM, in 1874, by a majority of nearly 9000 votes. Of his 70,000 supporters, it is fair to estimate that more than two-thirds are Irish Catholics. Had the opposition been united upon a single candidate, it is quite probable that it would have been successful. The Germans and the Republicans divided, and their cause was lost. Every abuse and every corruption has been revived under the new Roman Catholic rule. The taxes are largely increased. The expenses of the city seem limitless. The companions and followers of TWEED fill all the important offices; the secretary of JEFFERSON DAVIS draws his extravagant salary; corruption rules every where. And but for the interposition of Comptroller GREEN and the Republican Legislature, the debt of the city would have been greatly enlarged, and a still heavier burden of taxation imposed upon the stricken community. Under its ultramontane and Irish Catholic rulers, with the connivance of Governor TILDEN and the example of Tammany Hall, New York has fallen into a condition but little more secure than it held in 1870 under TWEED. In 1870 Governor TILDEN was blind to the peculations of his friends and daily associates, and Mayor WICKHAM reposed under the shade of Tammany Hall unnoticed and undisturbed. Robbery went on with an unblushing candor that was plain to every one. Nobody refused to see it but Mr. TILDEN. Within three years $90,000,000 was added to the city debt by Mr. TILDEN's intimate associates and political allies, whom his skillful tactics had placed in power. Was it terror or was it blindness that kept him silent? But whatever his motive, is he wiser now? Who can tell what robberies have been committed by our ultramontane rulers within the past two years? What security have we that Mr. TILDEN is any more candid, or our Irish officials any more honest, than they were in 1870? The condition of the city of New York is a problem that concerns the nation, for here, if at all, the election of TILDEN and HENDRICKS must be won. By force, by fraud, by the aid of corrupt Republicans and venal officials, by its secret agents on the bench and at the bar, by misleading the German vote and German editors and politicians, by frauds at the polls, intimidation, perhaps violence, the Roman Catholic and Democratic alliance must win the city with an immense majority, or they are lost. It seems probable that the whole interior of the State will rise with a vast strength against the dictation of the foreign Church to defend the principles of ADAMS and JEFFERSON. On the Roman Catholics of New York city alone rest the hopes of the Democratic party.

The "solid, unbroken Catholic vote," which the *Catholic Telegraph* of Cincinnati promised in 1875 should be thrown against Governor HAYES in his native State, will be given against him every where in 1876, if its usual managers can control it, unless it is found that the more intelligent and respectable Roman Catholics refuse to obey the imprudent counsels of their priests, and have at last resolved to become in heart and principle Americans. But how fatally have they refused to do so heretofore! how unpatriotically have they acted under the influence of their ultramontane and European guides! Mistaken, deluded, the Roman Catholic vote has been made the source of financial ruin to the city of New York, of a course of misgovernment that has checked its growth, impoverished its people, depressed its trade; that has covered it with disease, and, according to the New York *Herald*, July 21, made it the most unhealthy of cities; that slaughters infancy in horrible proportions, and is the murderer of the innocents; that has corrupted our courts of justice, until they are often the scoff of the criminals they condemn, but fail to punish; that depraves our young men, and penetrates society with foreign vice. Such has been the well-known influence of political Romanism, of Jesuitism, upon the city of New York. In the nation it has been still more dangerous. On its support the rebellion chiefly relied. It was to Messrs. FERNANDO WOOD, the BROOKSES, KERNAN, RANDALL, COX, SEYMOUR, HENDRICKS, TILDEN, that the insurgents looked for aid and succor. To the leaders of the Roman Catholic party DAVIS and TOOMBS turned naturally for sympathy, and they received it. The ultramontane faction in New York throughout all the rebellion did what it dared to embarrass the government, to save slavery, to destroy the Union. Jesuitism became the close ally of the slave-holder. The ultramontane majority in the city of New York would send to Congress no man who loved the Union or his country, but only FERNANDO WOOD, JAMES BROOKS, a COX, or a MORRISSEY. The Roman Catholic vote was stirred up by its ultramontane guides at that moment to a strange fanaticism. It was given in a solid body, and invariably in the interest of the rebellion. Had the Roman Catholics of New York prevailed, they would have torn GRANT from Richmond, or abandoned him at Vicksburg. Once they rose in revolt, sacked the city, and were only subdued by the troops from Governor's Island, the courage of Captain BROWN, and the vigor of the Republican Commissioners of Police. But even the brave ACTON must have yielded to the rioters but for the disciplined aid of the United States soldiers. When the war closed, the Roman Catholic vote was still used by its managers to retard reconstruction and dissolve the Union. It allied itself with the Ku-Klux; it encouraged and defended the murderers of Georgia or South Carolina. Its clubs were filled with noted secessionists. New York has been made the city of refuge for the Knights of the Golden Circle and the worst agents of the Confederacy. The city they had striven to burn with a new Greek fire and level with the ground, under TWEED and TILDEN, welcomed a DAVIS, and has become the favorite haunt of the chiefs of the Ku-Klux. The chiefs of Tammany Hall felt no unnatural sympathy with the leaders of the rebellion, and the unbroken Catholic vote has been used to destroy, if possible, the government founded by ADAMS and JEFFERSON. The ultramontane faction, which has for so many years ruled the city of New York, which it once sacked, which its Southern allies were near burning to the ground, has nominated as its candidate Mr. TILDEN. It would be well for every Protestant and non-sectarian Democrat, for every Roman Catholic who is at heart an American, to consider whether he can any longer act with a party that seems ever anxious to banish knowledge and destroy freedom, that is governed altogether by priests and rebels.

The ultramontane party in the city of New York has gained all its strength within a generation. It is the offspring of immigration and the result of a painful calamity. In 1846–47 Ireland was stricken by the potato famine. Immense numbers of its people died of starvation. The New World opened its friendly shelter, and the American republic invited the suffering Irish to its shores. Here, in the nation created by ADAMS, JEFFERSON, WASHINGTON, they found a generous welcome, employment, ease, consideration, equality. From a land dominated by the most intense distinctions of caste, they came to one where the poor man was not inferior to the wealthy, where the notion of caste is slowly fading before the growth of a common refinement. They found religious toleration, humanity, free education, perpetual liberty. A vast immigration followed, and from 1840 to 1850 it is estimated by their own authorities that more than one million of emigrants from Ireland came to our shores. In all it is thought that three millions of Roman Catholics of all nationalities have reached America, but by far the larger part are Irish, for of the Irish immigrants nine out of ten are probably Roman Catholics. A very large proportion have remained in the city of New York. Many have settled in other parts of the State. But it is in general the Irish Catholics, the product of this vast immigration of the last thirty years, who have suffered themselves to be governed in politics by the extreme ultramontanes, the Jesuits, the prelates, who, driven from their own land by starvation and tyranny, have found in ours a generous welcome and a peaceful home. It can scarcely be said that the Irish immigrants have shown a grateful return to the republic which has given them equality and ease, or to the nation that has offered them its highest privileges; at the command of their priests they have, ignorantly, no doubt, aimed deadly wounds at the very existence of the free institutions that have given them a shelter, and have covered with ruin and disaster the nation they were bound in gratitude to expend their life-blood to protect. If an emigrant goes to a foreign country, receives its kind shelter, is raised from want to affluence, from slavery to freedom, and then allows himself to plot against its welfare and best interests, of what punishment is he not deserving? Yet no sooner had the starving masses of Irish been raised to ease and perfect liberty in New York than they fell into the hands of the ultramontane leaders, and began to strike at free education, integrity, good order, good government, and finally at the unity of the nation itself.

Such was the origin of the ultramontane or Democratic party in New York. It rose with the famine in Ireland and the immense immigration that followed. A new element had entered into our politics. A vast body of uncultivated voters grew up in the city of New York, controlled wholly by their priests, and ruled by an active and aspiring bishop. About the year 1851 the ultramontane policy began to show itself. The rise of the Roman Catholic Democracy in New York is coincident with the political career of TILDEN, TWEED, WOOD, KERNAN. Mr. FERNANDO WOOD and the two BROOKSES, who were once Native-Americans, were early won over by the ultramontanes, and grew rich from the bounty of "the Church," which gave them free access to the money of the community. The "Church" again placed them in office, and all who deserved its favors found rapid promotion. It bribed with the people's money, and saved its own. It was soon richly endowed. It obtained large gifts of the city property in 1847 for an Orphan Asylum, and in 1852 for a cathedral. Meanwhile, one by one, the more respectable members of the Democratic party withdrew from it, and it was left in charge of WOOD, BROOKS, TILDEN, and finally TWEED and SWEENY. Before 1860 ultramontanism had become the ruling power in the city of New York; wastefulness and robbery began to fill all its departments; uncultivated Irish Catholics were forced into all its offices; no one was any longer appointed to any place for merit or honorable service; the servants of "the Church" were alone thought worthy to wear the civic honors; and Tammany Hall was transformed into a Roman Catholic club. The Irish immigrants who had felt the generosity of New York in their period of darkest need, by 1860 had assumed the political control of the city; their orators defended slavery and the slave-holder; their priests assumed the garb of Democrats; they invited rebellion, and promised the utter repression of American progress, education, hope.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

ZILLAH.

"AND you positively refuse?"

"Positively—absolutely."

A peculiar sound, such as might issue from the lips of a woman who strives to repress an exclamation of pain, came from the room beyond; but the two men were so absorbed by their conversation that they did not heed it.

There was a singular contrast between the pair, and no observer, looking at them as they stood together, could possibly have guessed that there was but ten years' difference in their ages. The first was bent and broken in form; cheek and forehead were deeply lined, and in hair and beard the silver threads had long predominated over the gold. Yet the man was not more than fifty years old. His companion, aged forty, appeared simply to have reached that time in life when the creature to whom was given "dominion over all things" seems worthy of his great commission. The latter was handsome; the former had been.

"I could scarcely have expected this, Hastings," said the younger.

"And I could scarcely have expected that you would fall in love with the girl. We were boys together."

"Yes."

"And now I am an old man, decayed and broken, while you are in the prime of life, with all the world before you. After some such fashion runs your thought, does it not?"

An answer would have involved prevarication or a lie, consequently none was made; and when the man thus questioned spoke again, it was to attack the subject from another quarter.

"Will you give me a reason?"

"Certainly I will, Dalton. My reason for refusing to accept you as a son-in-law is—selfishness, pure and simple."

"You intend that Zillah shall remain unmarried all her life?"

"I intend nothing. She is happy. Let her alone."

"But supposing that upon that point you are mistaken? If her happiness were already involved? Hastings, be reasonable. I am not a vain man, but I think she loves me."

"For God's sake, spare me that."

"I will not. Why should I? It is natural, suitable. When ever yet did a man hesitate to claim the woman he loved, knowing, feeling that she loved him? What has your own experience been? Did you never love some fair fragile girl better than your own life?"

"I loved her mother, Dalton. Look at my bent head and withered frame, and ask me if I never loved a woman?"

"I never met her, you know." There was a half-apologetic tone in the words. The speaker had fallen unawares upon a bitter theme.

"No, you never met her, and probably, like a thousand others who have looked upon Zillah's swarthy cheeks, you have desired but never dared to ask, 'Who was she?'"

Ay! who was she?

The question made its way through the nearly closed door, and into the room beyond, where a girl with the lustrous black eyes and full crimson lips that belong to only one race on earth listened with the intentness that longs for and yet dreads a coming revelation.

"I wonder, Dalton," continued the older man, "if the miserable story of my life and love would make you any less intent upon robbing me of my child?"

"I do not call it robbery."

"Ay, but I do. Not robbery to take her from my heart to dwell beneath your roof, to love and serve you, to become the mistress of your house, to cradle your children upon her breast, until she had neither time nor strength nor inclination to give a thought to me! Call it what you like, the name matters little."

"You were about to tell me of her mother."

"And naturally you are interested in the parentage of the girl you propose to marry. Proper solicitude for the unblemished Dalton name is not, of course, unbecoming in the last scion of that noble race."

"Have done with sneers, Hastings. Tell your story or not, as you please. I defy you to keep me from my wife, if I can win her."

"Then have your tale, and if you do not yield to pity, perhaps you will to shame. First of all, there is half an ounce of lead in the region of my lungs that year by year makes long-continued talking more painful. Will you grudge the service done an invalid by bringing me a glass of wine? After that I shall offer you a chair."

"It seems an impertinence, my friend," began the elder, when they were both seated, "to ask a man so young-looking as yourself to go back into the past for such a distance as twenty years. However, it must be done, and out of the mists and obscurity I make no doubt you will remember Harry Hastings as he was."

"I do remember him—a handsome youth, proud, talented, and the favorite of the whole village where he lived."

"Yes; and just in the same ratio that the whole village was fond of me, I hated the village."

"But not the village lasses."

"No. Dalton, there are men in the world to whom the influence of women matters little. They have little taste for or interest in any thing feminine. When they love and marry, they manage the business in a commonplace manner. If their wives are congenial, very well; if not, they have other interests and occupations. And, should their whole *ménage* be overturned by infidelity and crime, they look upon the business as 'spilled milk.' The *esclandre* annoys them, but they go on. They succeed in their profession, reach the top of the ladder, write their names on the roll of fame. They decline to be victimized by circumstances, and hold their lives out of reach of the disturbances caused by domestic infelicities. There are other men—a weaker class—whom women have it in their power to ruin. I am one.

"You say most truly," he continued, after a moment's pause, "that I was not indifferent to the girls of our village, and yet I do not think you can accuse me of having made love to any of them. I never did it. Only a coarse nature, I think, ever counterfeits an emotion upon which the happiness of a whole life may depend. The fair Yankee girls of our native town did not suit me. I objected to their peremptory manners, the strength of their religious prejudices, and the awful profundity of their learning. Pleasant as a companion, any one of them would have been intolerable as a sweetheart. In vain I looked among them for the sweet young life that, absorbed into my own, should give it a purpose and an inspiration, and lift me above the enervating influence of the fortune I had chanced to inherit. Finally, absolute weariness drove me abroad. It is considered the proper thing for *jeunesse doré* to travel, and cordially as I detested the business of rushing over the face of the earth in rail-car and steamboat, I did make my way to England. But no further. That agitated mass of liquid iniquity known as the English Channel was too much for me. I declined to cross it. Not to behold the land of Claude Lorraine would I again trust my stomach to the mercy of the waves. But I had not told you that it was my intention to become an artist. Nevertheless, such was the case. The fancy, so natural to a dreamy youth with a delicate constitution, had full possession of me. I loved fair Mother Nature, and I longed to reproduce something of her beauty upon canvas. So I sketched many a beautiful spot on the shores of 'perfidious Albion,' determined not to leave her until a bridge should be built to somewhere to protect me from the 'perils of the sea.' Occasionally I went into society; but the prim English maidens I found on acquaintance even more intolerable than the Yankee girls.

"One morning I wandered through a small forest and ensconced myself under a glorious old oak-tree, bent upon sketching one of those strange relics of a lost faith, a heap of rocks, supposed to have been in times past a Druid altar. The Druids did not inspire me, however, for I went to sleep, leaving my canvas to retain its pristine purity. Suddenly I was awakened by a violent altercation just behind my luxurious leafy couch. The contestants might have been Jews, Turks, heretics, or any other species of heathen, so far as their language was concerned, for not a single word of it could I understand; but a man must need have very dull ears who does not comprehend the cry of a woman who is being hurt. I sprang up and plunged in among the trees. Before me stood a man and a girl, startled into silence by my unexpected appearance. In later years, Dalton, I have traveled in many climes and among many peoples, but never have I seen two more beautiful specimens of our race than the two that confronted me. The man did not give me much time to study his swarthy, handsome face, for on catching sight of me he suddenly turned and strode in among the thicket. The girl, however, remained gazing at me with her great lustrous eyes, not in the least disposed to look upon me as a rescuer, but apparently doubtful whether the man just arrived were not more dangerous than the man just departed. I addressed her in English, and saw at a glance that, however ignorant I might be of her language, she at least was partially familiar with mine. Reassured by my quiet voice, her face lost its expression of terror, and we glided insensibly into a conversation, I exerting myself to the uttermost to detain her. So bewildered was I with her extraordinary beauty that I felt the light would go out of the heavens if she left me. When at last she did go, I had won from her a promise to meet me there again.

"By this time you have probably divined who my wild bird of the forest was: a stray little waif from one of those wandering tribes of Ishmaelites that civilization is so rapidly exterminating; a dusky little fairy, if fairies ever have jet-black hair, delicate and graceful as a sapling, wonderfully, exquisitely beautiful. The quarrel which I had interrupted was nothing more, it appeared, than the violent arguments of a gypsy lover who endeavored to forward his suit by crushing the hand he desired to possess.

"Of course I fell in love with her. For this, it appears, I had passed by some of the fairest women in England and America. All my hopes of happiness and every longing of my soul centred in the little woodland nymph I had found by the

old Druid stone. And I had no doubt that I had won her to love me. In my besotted, idiotic infatuation I could not remember that a great impulse had been given to our acquaintance by the surrender on my part of a large sapphire that hung from my watch-chain. That cursed cotton mill in Massachusetts furnished such things too liberally for me to value them, and I could not suppose that she did. It took some time for my imagination to grasp the fact that the little hand that passed caressingly over my bosom was attracted thither by my shirt studs. And yet I dare say that I am misrepresenting her. She was so young and childish, and the passion for ornament was but the instinct of her race.

"In my case the course of true love ran, or appeared to run, with remarkable smoothness. The sight of the golden circlet that was to be her wedding ring did not alarm her as a similar suggestion had done on the part of her last lover; and one day a romantic curate of the neighboring parish, whose acquaintance I had made, pronounced us 'man and wife' in the very shadow of the old Druid oak. Then, in a shooting-box amidst the Scottish heather, whither I took my bride for three short months, I indulged in all the luxury of love's young dream. And she too was happy. It takes fully three months for a woman to explore all the miracles of finery and furniture with which the fashion of the present day surrounds a bride; for although I had married her in her wild gypsy garb, London milliners and upholsterers had prepared her home.

"It was knowledge that broke the charm in Eden. Well, the first cloud gathered over us upon the day that I gave up wandering over the hills with my gypsy bride, and having unpacked a case of books, ventured to appear before her in the character of a pedagogue. I was just explaining to her the awful meaning and significance of the letter A as it appeared on the first page of a primer, when she broke away from me and rushed away through the garden and into the woods. Smiling at the result of the first lesson, I lit a cigar and fell to dreaming of the pleasure I should yet have in guiding my dainty little wife along the rough roads that lead to knowledge. It would be a labor of love, and, however painful, the result would surely repay us both. And surely her ignorance was sweeter than all the accomplishments of another woman.

"That very night, as I was closing the shutters of my room previous to retiring, I was startled by the figure of a man upon the lawn. Something in his gait reminded me of the lithe form that strode away from us on the first day I met my love. I attached no importance to it, however; and yet, during the months that followed, I met him three times, always apparently on his road to or from my house.

"But a great anxiety was upon me. The cheeks of my gypsy maiden were losing their roses; she could no longer roam through the heather with her hand in mine, and I shuddered as I thought of the consummation of the trial in store for her. At last I ordered the servants to pack up our belongings, and I hurried away with my bride to one of the suburbs of London, where she might have the most skillful physicians to attend her. I will spare you the record of the long weeks during which I had no other care in life than to watch over, wait upon, and care for the frail form of a woman whose heart had long since passed out of my keeping, if I had ever possessed it. For what I mistook for disease was nothing more than the longing of the Zingari blood for the freedom of its native forests. Like a bird in a cage, I was killing her by my very care for her. I can not tell you how well I loved her; still less could I give you an idea of the rapture of thanksgiving that possessed my soul on the night that they put her baby in my arms, and told me her life was safe. Yet mindful of my duties as a host, I quickly surrendered the infantile wonder, and hastened to accompany the weary physician to the door of our house. I lingered a moment, watching him as he passed the gate, when suddenly there darted from among the trees the same figure that had grown so familiar in the Scottish Highlands. The moonlight fell on the handsome face, and showed the same anxious expression my own had worn during the past weeks. The man seized the doctor by the arm, apparently asked some eager question, to which he received an affirmative answer, and then disappeared.

"I never saw him but once more. A month later—I had nursed my darling back to health—when, coming back from a short journey to London, I saw a carriage driving rapidly away from my gate. There were only two occupants—my wife and her gypsy lover. Instinctively I rushed toward them and seized the horses by the bridle. Then a sudden flash, followed by a report, and the bullet intended for my heart buried itself in my lungs.

"I can not tell you what followed. All I know is that when I saw my child again it was over three months old. After that I went mad. They tell me that I wandered about from place to place all over Europe, while people wondered at the silent man, ever in motion, and always accompanied by a nurse and an infant child. At last a circumstance roused me. The news came that the executors of my father's will had contrived to lose my fortune, and I was poor. Then we came to New York—my little Zillah, whom I named after my mother, and I. Here we have lived, Dalton; here I have dragged out the miserable existence of an invalid; here I have brought up my child from infancy to womanhood, until she has become to me something of what her mother might have been; here we have been together through better, through worse, and much of it has been worse. Now you propose to take her from me, knowing that she is all I have in the world—that whatever she may be to you, I can not live without her. It is an awkward thing to wind all one's heart about a woman, be she wife or child. I have done it, and mine is a claim no man should dispute. Will you withdraw your demand, Dalton? Methinks there is a parallel to it in the story of David and Uriah."

"Did you ever hear of the mother again, Hastings?"

"Only that she died. The habits of her people, where marriage bonds are quickly shaken loose when love fails, made it seem no crime to leave me; but when the wild desire to be free was gratified, they say she pined and died. But you have not answered my question. Will you leave me my child?"

"Will you let her decide?"

In the silence that followed, Zillah stood in the doorway. Slender and beautiful, with the longing of love in the soft dark eyes and the stern rigor of determination around her mouth, the clear voice answered, "I have decided."

"To become Dalton's wife?" queried the bitter voice of the invalid.

A single word, sharp with pain, cut the air—"Never!"

"Yet you love me, Zillah?" pleaded the lover.

This time the girl spoke with less effort. "No, I do not."

Angry and sullen, Dalton went his way. Yet she did love him, and both he and Hastings knew it.

Now the glories of self-sacrifice are not for the weak. When the human heart becomes the scene of a fierce struggle, the body that contains it must needs be strong. Zillah's passionate prayer for strength to endure her trial was answered by increasing weakness, and once more Hastings watched a woman he loved better than his life fading before his eyes. From afar off he saw the end approaching, and knew that he must let her go. No word was needed between the two; but each understood all that the other would have said, when the father finally announced, "I have written to Dalton," and the girl bowed her head upon his hand, and answered, "I tried, indeed I tried." Then the roses bloomed again in the gypsy cheeks; but the steps of the invalid grew slower and slower, and that fatal burden of lead pressed even more heavily into the weakened lungs.

White and cold were the camellias that graced the wedding, and white and cold gleamed the same flowers within a coffin ere the year was out. Exhausted by her bitter sorrow, Dalton left his wife to follow the sad procession winding toward a grave. As he turned away from the freshly heaped mound, he murmured,

"It is the story of Jean Valjean and Cosette over again;" and, translated into bungling English, he repeated the lines that close the history of that sorrowful life:

"'He sleeps, though living he was sorely tried;
He suffered; when his angel left him, died
As peacefully and gently as the day,
When the sun leaves it, into evening fades away.'"

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

We have presented to our readers a résumé of the labors of the *Challenger* from the period of her start in 1872 to her return a few weeks ago, summarizing the successive movements from time to time as the announcements came to hand. We now proceed to give a notice of some of the more important scientific results as indicated by Mr. Duncan in the *Academy*.

The thoroughness of the equipment of the *Challenger*, the abilities of the several officers and assistants, and the favorable circumstances generally combined to render this expedition one of the most fortunate and successful of any on record. Indeed, it may well be considered as marking an epoch in the scientific history of the world.

The first important advance made by the *Challenger* on our previous knowledge of the deep seas was in the discovery of a vast extent of red clay on the floor of the ocean at profound depths, and the comparative absence of life there. This extends far into the South Atlantic, merging into gray ooze to the north, while to the south a remarkable deposit of siliceous matter covers the Antarctic Sea floor. The small amount of carbonate of lime and large amount of alumina and oxide of iron contained in it render its formation extremely difficult to understand. An important deduction is made that while this formation is going on to an immense extent, with but little trace of organic life in the depths below, the sea above teems with a variety of animal forms, thus having an exact analogy in well-known terrestrial strata. The cause of the absence of organic remains, as suggested by Professor Thompson, lies in the large amount of carbonic acid gas held in suspension by the sea at great depths, which acts as a solvent on the carbonate of lime, leaving only the decomposed residuum to increase the thickness of the sea-bottom.

Another result of the *Challenger's* work has been to establish as general principles what was only known to exist in isolated instances, namely, the universal lowering of the temperature of the great seas with increasing depth.

Previous expeditions have shown that the fauna of the deep seas contained species, genera, and groups which existed during past ages, many of them being forms known only as fossils, thus surviving the various alterations that accompanied the geological periods. Numerous additional illustrations were found in connection with the expedition of the *Challenger*, which will doubtless in due time be brought forward.

In addition, however, the *Challenger* has shown that many of the species occur over very wide ranges in portions of the sea-bottom far apart, especially those of great geological antiquity, forms being found in the New Zealand seas having a general resemblance to those at the same depth off Portugal and North Africa.

Some extremely curious forms of animal life were obtained by the *Challenger*, among them one crab that appeared to be all eyes; and another without any. The two remarkable sea-urchins obtained in the *Porcupine* expedition, *Salenia* and *Pourtalesia*, were found by the *Challenger*, the latter over a wide area. A great hydroid was found, as large as a young tree, and many sponges of exquisite beauty. The globigerina, under the careful examination of surface specimens, proved to have a spiny coat surrounding the holes, through which the contractile and motile yet structureless protoplasm protrudes.

The deepest Atlantic sounding was made nearly ninety miles north of St. Thomas, in 3875 fathoms; the deepest in the Pacific was about five degrees east of Jeddo, 3950 fathoms, with a bottom of red clay. In the Pacific there were some very important observations made in regard to the existence of confined basins at the sea-bottom, having a uniform temperature for a considerable depth. The depth of these submarine basins was ascertained by noting the distance over which the same temperature was maintained. When the thermometer indicated a gradual lowering of temperature to a certain point, and then remained unchanged with increasing depth, it was concluded, with great show of reason, that the area was surrounded by a barrier without any opening through which the bottom waters could penetrate. No such basins were found in the Atlantic.

In his annual address as president of the Royal Society of Victoria, the well-known astronomer R. L. J. Ellery urges the importance of meteorological science upon the attention of the Australian public. He states that a system of meteorological work such as he has referred to would eventually become of inestimable value to Australia. In talking over these matters some time ago with Mr. Todd, of Adelaide, the latter expressed himself strong in the conviction that one important key to the meteorology in the south of Australia was the varying southward reach of the monsoons. The determination of this point alone would, for its own sake, and without reference to its future bearings, be a great work effected, and is one which should be immediately undertaken. Every consideration encourages Australia in undertaking a system of meteorological probabilities, for in no part of the world would the power of forecasting the weather be of more value.

Mr. Edward Mohr, the African traveler, expects soon to leave for Lisbon, and proceed directly to the Angola settlements in the prosecution of his new explorations. He makes Malange his first centre of operations, and hopes to push on in an easterly direction to Kibondo, the extreme limit of Lieutenant Lux's explorations, which lies beyond the Portuguese settlements, and is tributary to Muata Yanvo. North of Kibondo lies the still unexplored region of Zuba.

Professor Nordenskjöld, who has been for some time discharging the duties of a judge at the International Exhibition at Philadelphia, has left for Bergen, whence he expects to sail on the steamer *Ymer*, and proceeding around the North Cape, to cross the Kara Sea to the Yenisei.

It is understood that Professor Huxley has accepted an invitation from Professor W. B. Rogers to attend the Buffalo meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Science, and also to deliver a course of lectures before the Johns Hopkins University. His stay, however, in the country will be but short, as pressing engagements require his speedy return.

Mr. Edward R. Allston has lately published, in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London, a revision of the order of *Glires* (*Rodentia*), or gnawing animals, in which he includes both the fossil and the recent forms. The whole paper promises to be of great benefit to working naturalists, based as it is upon an examination of the principal collections of these animals in Europe.

The death of Mr. Edward Newman, which took place on the 12th of June at Peckham, England, at the age of seventy-five, makes a very appreciable gap in the ranks of the working naturalists of Great Britain. As a specialist, his labors had reference more particularly to entomology and the ferns, his treatises on these subjects having been for a long time standard authorities. He was, perhaps, best known of late as the editor of the *Zoologist*, a popular magazine, published at a low price, and having an extensive circulation among working naturalists. The *Entomologist*, published by him, also had a large share of the public favor. He was at the time of his death in charge of the natural history department of the London *Field*.

The report of the British Museum for the year ending March 31, 1876, has lately been published as a public document, and, as usual, shows an amount of progress during the year only to be looked for from an institution so liberally endowed by the British government, the annual appropriations for its maintenance amounting to about £120,000.

The additions to the department of printed books during the year amount to about 99,000—a very respectable library in itself—and include some extremely rare works, several of them printed in 1515, while a copy of an indulgence granted by Pope Nicholas V. to persons furnishing aid against the Turks has the date of 1455. Many additions are noted in the department of antiquities also, comparatively few of them, however, from North America.

In the department of natural history, 36,913 specimens were received, of which 10,711 were in the department of geology and 862 in that of mineralogy. Of the specimens of zoology 3000 were of vertebrates and 18,000 of shells.

To the British zoologist one of the most interesting additions was that of a basking-shark, a species not very rare, but interesting on account of its large size.

The number of visitors to the British Museum was larger in 1875 than in any previous year, amounting to 523,317; the largest number in any one month was 58,594, in July.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An Irishman on board a vessel when she was on the point of foundering, being desired to come on deck, as she was going down, replied that he had no wish to go on deck to "see himself drowned."

"What are you?" said the judge. "I'm a conchologist," was the reply. "What's that?" asked his honor. "Oh, well, you see," explained the prisoner, "I open oysters down in Mickey Flinn's saloon!"

Shameless Parody.—Every one has admired Parthenia's definition of love to Ingomar:

"What love is, if thou wouldst be taught,
Thy heart must teach alone—
Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

Some profane cynic, having no fear of Cupid before his eyes, perpetrates the following villainous parody:

"Love is a nightmare with one foot,
Two children with one bun,
Two turnips with a single root,
Two cabbage-heads as one."

The owner of a pair of bright eyes says that the prettiest compliment she ever received came from a child of four years. The little fellow, after looking intently at her eyes a moment, inquired, naïvely, "Are your eyes new ones?"

A pompous individual walked up to the bar of a sea-side hotel, and with considerable flourish signed the book, and exclaimed, "I am Lieutenant-Governor of ——." "That don't make any difference," says the landlord; "you'll be treated just as well as the others."

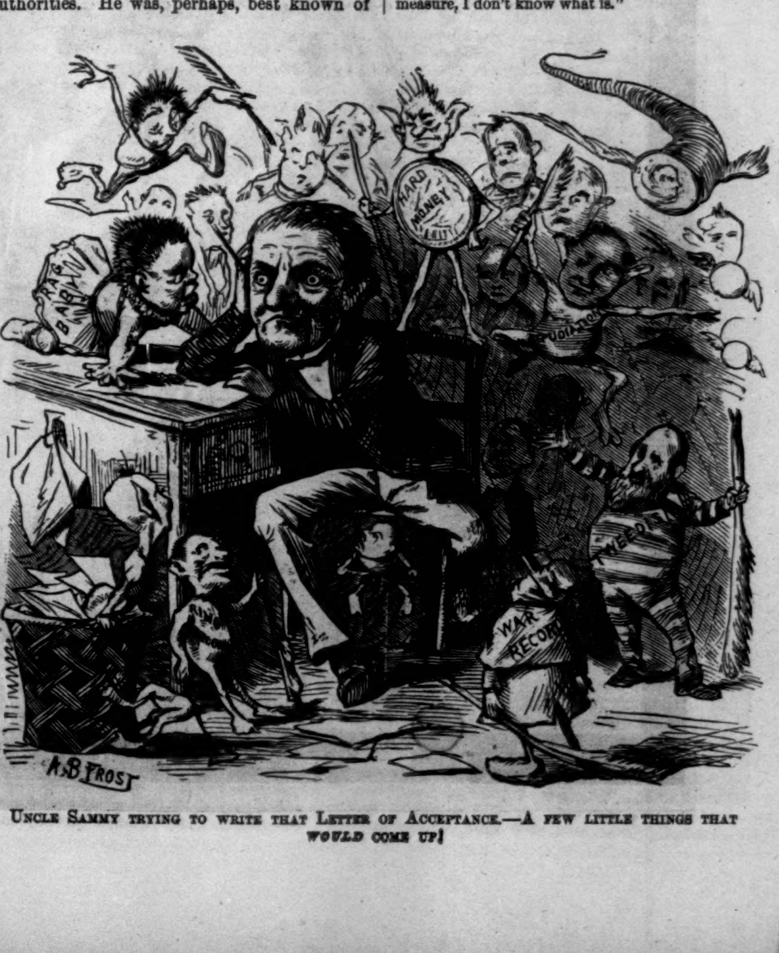
The Man who carries all before him—The wheelbarrow-man.

A good citizen is a peace-maker. But, says a surly friend, so is a bull in a china shop—it makes pieces too.

Upon what object in nature has every author written?—Upon the earth.

When a Canada girl loves, she does love. In a breach-of-promise suit the other day it was shown that a young lady wrote to her lover eight times per day.

A young man was frequently cautioned by his father to vote for "measures," not "men." He promised to do so; and soon after received a bonus to vote for Mr. Peck. His father, astonished at his voting for a man whom he deemed objectionable, inquired the reason for doing so. "Surely, father," said the son, "you told me to vote for measures; and if Peck is not a measure, I don't know what is."



Uncle Sammy trying to write that Letter of Acceptance.—A few little things that *would* come up!

THE CENTENNIAL—BRONZE AND LACQUER WORK IN THE JAPANESE DEPARTMENT, MAIN BUILDING.—From Photographs by the Centennial Photographic Company.—[See Page 654.]

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Good Stories of Man and Other Animals.

By CHARLES READE.

III.—SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

A journal called the Los Angeles *Star* recorded the following incident at the time it occurred:

A gentleman in that city had a very large and beautiful tomcat, which he had reared from a kitten. It was now five years old, and the two animals were mutually attached. Every morning, when the servant brought in the water for his master's tub, Puss used to come in and sit at the side of the bed, and gaze with admiration at his employer, and sometimes mew him out, but retired into a corner during the tubbing, which he thought irrational, and came out again when the biped was clothed and in his right mind.

One day the cat was seen in the garden, tumbling over and over in strong convulsions, which ended in its crawling feebly into the house. The master heard, and was very sorry, and searched for the invalid, but could not find him. However, when he went up to bed at night, there was the poor creature stretched upon the floor at the side of the bed, the very place where he used to sit and gaze at his master, and mew him out of bed.

The gentleman was affected to tears by the affectionate creature's death, and his coming there to die. He threw a handkerchief over poor Tom, and passed a downright unhappy night. He determined, however, to bury his humble friend, and no time was to be lost, the weather being hot. So, when his servant came in to fill his tub, he ordered a little grave to be dug directly, and a box found of a suitable size to receive the remains.

Then he got up, and instead of tubbing, as usual, he thought he would wash poor Tom's body for interment, for it was all stained and dirty with the mould of the garden.

He took the body up, and dropped it into the water with a souse.

That souse was soon followed by a furious splashing that sent the water flying in his face and all about the room, and away flew the cat through the open window, as if possessed by a devil. Nor did the poor body forgive this hydropathic treatment, although successful. He took a perverse view, and had never returned to the house "up to the time of our going to press," says the Los Angeles *Star*.

"HE TOOK THE BODY UP, AND DROPPED IT INTO THE WATER."

The cat is not the only animal subject to suspension of vital power. Many men and women have been buried alive in this condition, especially on the Continent, where the law enforces speedy interment. Even in Britain—where they do not shovel one into the earth quite so fast—live persons have been buried, and others have had a narrow escape. I could give a volume of instances at home and abroad—one of them an archbishop, who was actually being carried in funeral procession on an open bier, when he came to, and objected, in what terms I know not; but the Scotch have an excellent formula in similar cases. It runs thus: "Bide ye yet, mon; I hae a deal mair mischief to do firrrst!"

Two recent English cases I could certify to be true: one a little girl at Nuneaton, who lay several days without signs of life; another, a young lady, not known to the public, but to me. She was dead, in medicine; but her mother refused to let her be buried, because there was no sign of decomposition, and she did not get so deadly cold as others had whom that mother had lost by death.

This girl remained unburied some days, till another of God's creatures put in his word: a fly thought her worth biting, and blood trickled from the bite. That turned the scale of opinion, and the girl was recovered, and is alive to this day. However, the curious reader who desires to work this vein need go no farther than the index of the *Annual Register* and the *Gentleman's Magazine*. As for me, I must not be tempted outside my immediate subject. The parallel I shall confine a very large theme to is exact.

At the opening of the century the public facilities for anatomy were less than now; so then robbing the church-yards was quite a trade, and an egotist or two did worse—they killed people for the small sum a dead body fetched.

Well, a male body was brought to a certain surgeon by a man he had often employed, and the pair lumped it down on the dissecting table, and then the vendor received his money and went.

The anatomist set to work to open the body; but, in handling it, he fancied the limbs were not so rigid as usual, and he took another look. Yes, the man was dead; no pulsation either. And yet somehow he was not quite cold about the region of the heart.

The surgeon doubted: he was a humane man; and so, instead of making a fine transverse cut like that at which the unfortunate author of *Manon Lescaut* started out of his trance with a shriek to die in right earnest, he gave the poor body a chance; applied hartshorn, vinegar, and friction, all without success. Still he had his doubts; though, to be frank, I am not clear why he still doubted.

Be that as it may, he called in his assistant, and they took the body into the yard, turned a high tap on, and discharged a small but hard-hitting column of water on to the patient.

No effect was produced but this, which an unscientific eye might have passed over: the skin turned slightly pink in one or two places under the fall of water.

The surgeon thought this a strong proof life was not extinct; but, not to overdo it, he wrapped the man in blankets for a time, and then drenched him again, letting the water strike him hard on the head and the heart in particular.

He followed this treatment up, till at last the man's eyes winked, and then he gasped, and presently he gulped, and by-and-by he groaned, and eventually uttered loud and fearful cries as one battling with death.

In a word, he came to, and the surgeon put him into a warm bed, and as Medicine has its fashions, and bleeding was the panacea of that day, he actually took blood from the poor body. This ought to have sent him back to the place from whence he came—the grave, to wit; but

THE CENTENNIAL—CORRIDOR OF THE ART ANNEX.—Photographed by the Centennial Photographic Company.—[See Page 654.]

somehow it did not: and next day the reviver showed him with pride to several visitors, and prepared an article.

Resurrectus was well fed, and, being a pauper, was agreeable to lie in that bed forever, and eat the bread of science. But, as years rolled on, his preserver got tired of that. However, he had to give him a suit of his own clothes to get rid of him. Did I say years? I must have meant days.

He never did get rid of him; the fellow used to call at intervals and demand charity, urging that the surgeon had taken him out of a condition in which he felt neither hunger, thirst, nor misery, and so was now bound to supply his natural needs.

However, I will not dwell on this painful part of the picture, lest learned and foreseeing men should, from the date of reading this article, confine resuscitation to quadrupeds.

To conclude with the medical view. To resuscitate animals who seem dead, but are secretly alive, drop them into water from—or else drop water on them from—A SUFFICIENT HEIGHT.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Those who remain in the city during the summer may easily obtain a breath of fresh air every day by planning some short excursion when the mid-day heat begins to wane. To be sure, it is somewhat of an effort to start, and one is often more inclined to stay listlessly in the house. But if the heat is not too oppressive, and the trip can be arranged without much preliminary fatigue, the invigorating air of river, ocean, or Park will so refresh that at least the succeeding night's sleep will be more restful. Those who live near the large Parks of New York or Brooklyn know their value; but for those who are at a distance the long car ride often detracts greatly from the enjoyment and benefit which the Park itself would afford. Excursions on the water are usually most refreshing in hot weather. Boats go to Harlem, High Bridge, Rockaway Beach, Staten Island, Coney Island, Red Bank, Long Branch (the steamer as far as Sandy Hook), and to numerous other places not far distant, several times daily. The boats to some of the more frequented of these resorts are often overcrowded toward evening, and quiet parties will prefer to take the cars to such places as Rockaway and Coney Island, the sea-breeze making the ride a delightful one. These short trips are inexpensive, and the change of air, even if but for an hour, will freshen the brain and body of the tired man of business, revive the drooping child, and invigorate the heat-weary woman. If longer journeys are inexpedient or impossible, short excursions, carefully planned, are a good substitute.

A Texas traveler reports that for several miles in the vicinity of Grass Valley he was obliged to force his horse through an atmosphere of grasshoppers. If we are to credit the account of one sufferer, the hoppers were so thick at Simpson's Park that it was necessary for a horseman "to carry a mowing-machine on the horn of his saddle, in order to mow a path for his horse."

Boston appears not to have had so great mortality among children during the late "heated term" as many other cities have suffered. This exemption is referred to the great care taken by the city authorities to keep public streets and private premises in a cleanly condition, and to remove daily beyond the city limits all substances which would have a tendency to vitiate the atmosphere.

A hammock is a useful and pleasurable article to take into the country. It does not cost much. Good ones may be bought for from two to four dollars. The children will amuse themselves for hours in it, if it is hung in some shady, airy spot; and the older folks will be glad of a rest in it, if the little ones give them a chance.

In Philadelphia we recently noticed indications of the existence of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Men. For instance, the car-drivers did not stand; they sat upon a high stool, which did not interfere with the accommodations for passengers. On the rear railing of cars there were movable rests where the conductor could occasionally deposit himself comfortably when his duties permitted. Why should not similar arrangements exist every where? Employers are the gainers where they consider the comfort of their employés. We have noticed that certain express companies usually send but one man with the wagon to collect trunks for cars and boats. This has been the case, to our personal knowledge, many times when a special request has been made at the office for two men to be sent, because the baggage was large and heavy. We have seen a feeble-looking man carry a huge trunk down two or three flights of stairs to his cart, without complaint, but with manifest difficulty, and it seemed a needless cruelty. "They *ought* to send two men, but they hardly ever do," was the only protest the expressman made.

A singular panic has been produced in some parts of China by the cutting off of the "pigtails" of a large number of the populace. It was evidently the work of an organized band, and was easily accomplished at night by mixing in the crowds. The real purpose of it is unknown. Some believe it to have some political bearing; others think it merely a device of ingenious speculators in human hair. The lower classes are sorely troubled, and attribute the mutilation to supernatural agency.

It is related of Fredrika Bremer that her only attempt at poetry in English was at Niagara in 1850. She was there at the same time with James Russell Lowell and his wife. The following was presented by her to Mr. Lowell, with a gold pen:

"A gold pen is a little thing;
But in thy poet hand
It can take life, it can take wing,
Become a magic wand
More powerful, more wonderful,
Than alchemy of old;
It can make minds all beautiful—
Change all things into gold."

In 1792 the first canals of the United States were built in Massachusetts. These were short ones on the Connecticut River, one being two miles long and the other three.

Celluloid is the name applied to a hard elastic substance made from a mixture of gun-cotton and camphor, which, when compressed and colored, has an absolute resemblance to ivory. An exchange relates that not long ago a billiard player in London, while lighting his cigar, accidentally let his match fall upon a billiard-ball, which at once burst into a flame. Efforts were made to extinguish it unavailingly, and it had to be left until it was finally consumed, which process took a quarter of an hour. The explanation of this strange phenomenon was sought, this being the first time a billiard-ball was known to act in such a marvelous manner. A chemist explained the secret of the unexpected combustion—the ball was made of celluloid.

Boston ladies are resolved to preserve the Old South Church. They have taken the matter in hand. If they can not buy the land on which the building stands, they resolve to take down the church and erect it elsewhere.

A Detroit sanitary officer, in making his rounds through the city, called at a Chinese laundry. Two Celestials were perspiring over hot flat-irons and shining linen. A not unpleasant odor of boiling tea pervaded the room. In one corner was a pile of unwashed clothes; in another, rice, old shoes, and pipes; while promiscuously scattered about the room were dead rats, large and small, fat and lean, all headless.

"Do you use these for soup?" asked the officer.

"No, no," cried Hop Sing; "he bely good fol pie."

Hop Sing was requested to keep his fresh meat in a less exposed location for the future.

The Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital began its work on October 15, 1869. Since that time 14,783 indigent persons have been treated in its dispensary and wards, and 2964 important surgical operations have been performed.

The New York *Tribune* comments at some length upon the incapacity of our people to temporarily vary their habits to suit the intense tropical heat of the summer. Gentlemen groan under their black coats and bandaged necks, and ladies suffocate in close-fitting silks, when the thermometer is among the nineties. "Perhaps," remarks the *Tribune*, "some ages hence, when common-sense shall be a recognized factor in social life, our descendants may meet the more than tropical summer with open throats and loose sleeves, may walk the streets in wide trowsers, and dine in linen jackets. If this should ever come to pass, we may also expect that the laborer will wear a cabbage leaf in his hat, and postpone his whiskey until frost comes; that every street and alley will be kept so clean that the city government will sigh for their vanished smells; that babies will no longer be taken on long railroad journeys; and that Congress, after having carefully and honestly provided for the expenses of the government, will adjourn before the Fourth of July."

According to recent letters from Bulgaria, the Turkish troops have butchered not less than 12,000 people within the last few weeks, and burned scores of towns. Women and children have suffered fearfully.

Mrs. Custer always accompanied her husband in his campaigns during the war, and was his companion in the expedition to the Indians.

A congratulatory letter was sent by the Emperor of Russia designed to be presented to the President of the United States on the Fourth of July, but it arrived too late for that occasion. It expressed the most cordial friendship for the American people.

It was expected that a grand "blow up" of the reef of rocks at Hell Gate would take place on the Fourth of July—a demonstration which would have been unique in that it would have been of some practical utility. But, for various reasons, the works have not been progressing rapidly for some time past, and were not ready. The excavations consist of ten main headings and twenty-two intermediate headings, some of which penetrate under the bed of the current more than three hundred feet, and are crossed by a series of galleries. This work has left 172 pillars of solid rock, which serve to support the superincumbent mass. In these pillars, and in the roof they sustain, about seven thousand borings have been made to receive the explosive—probably nitro-glycerine. Each boring being small, the shock will be small compared to what it would be if the charges were combined in one place.

A most daring railroad robbery took place not long ago on the Missouri Pacific Railroad, not far from Otterville, Missouri. A band of a dozen or fifteen men placed a signal to stop the train, and then rushed into the cars, captured the engineer and fireman, and, with revolvers at the head of the express messenger, demanded the keys of the safe. By threats, terrific yells, and the discharge of pistols, they so intimidated all the passengers that no resistance was made, and they succeeded in stealing about $16,000. A most vigorous search is being made at this time for the robbers, and as the whole country is aroused, it seems almost impossible that they should escape.

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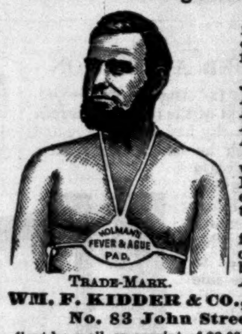

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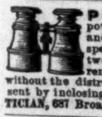

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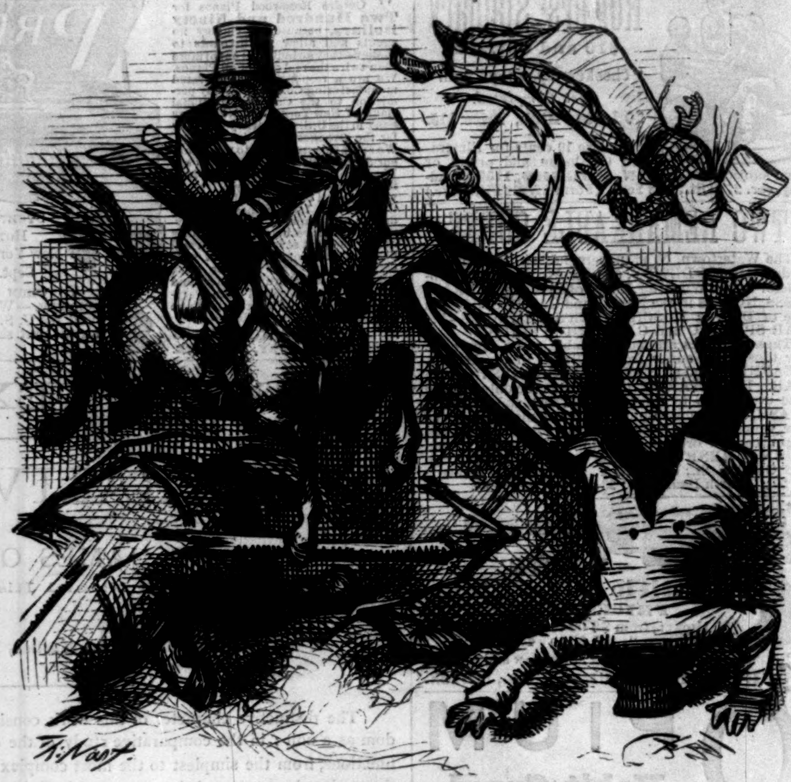

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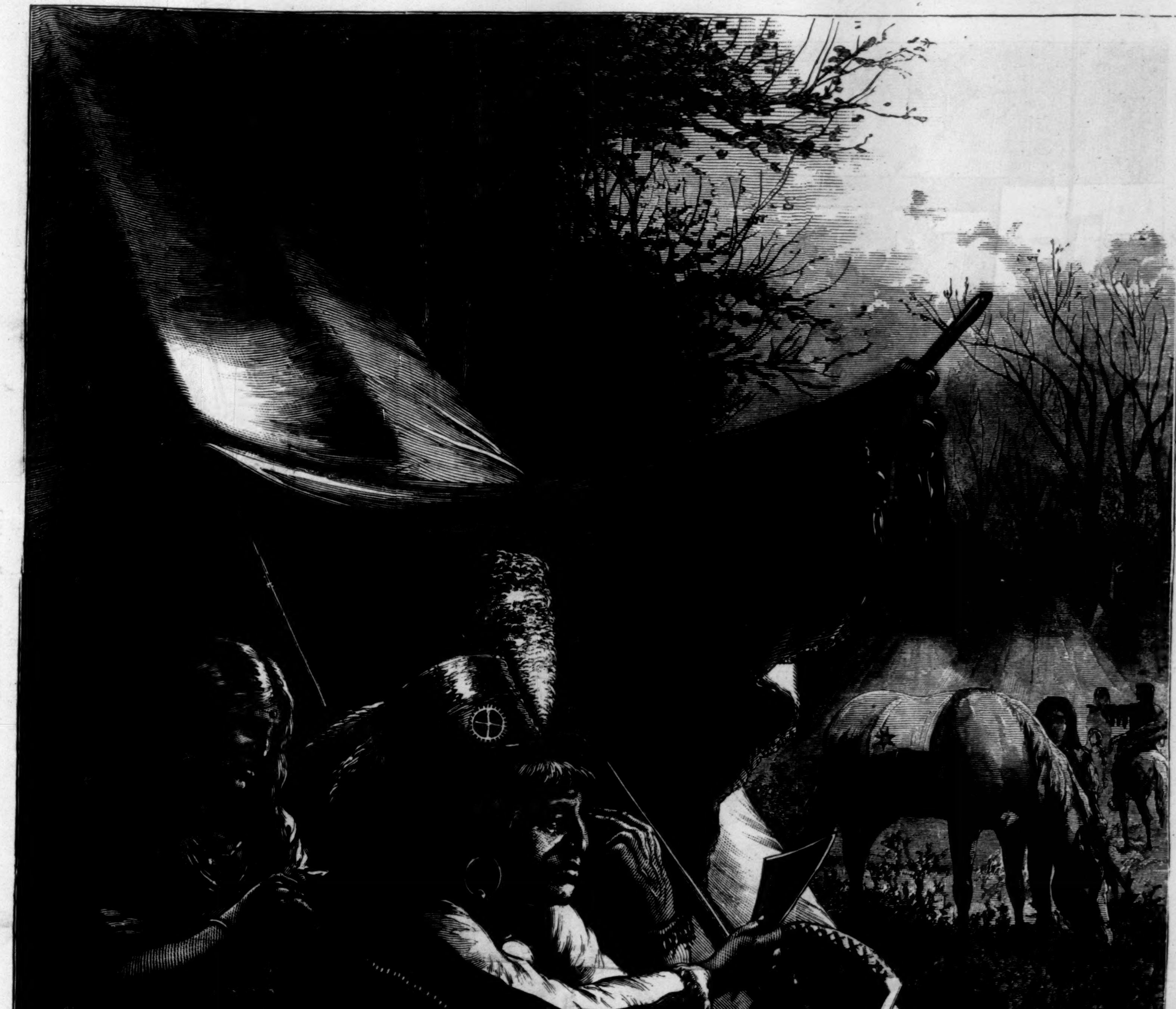

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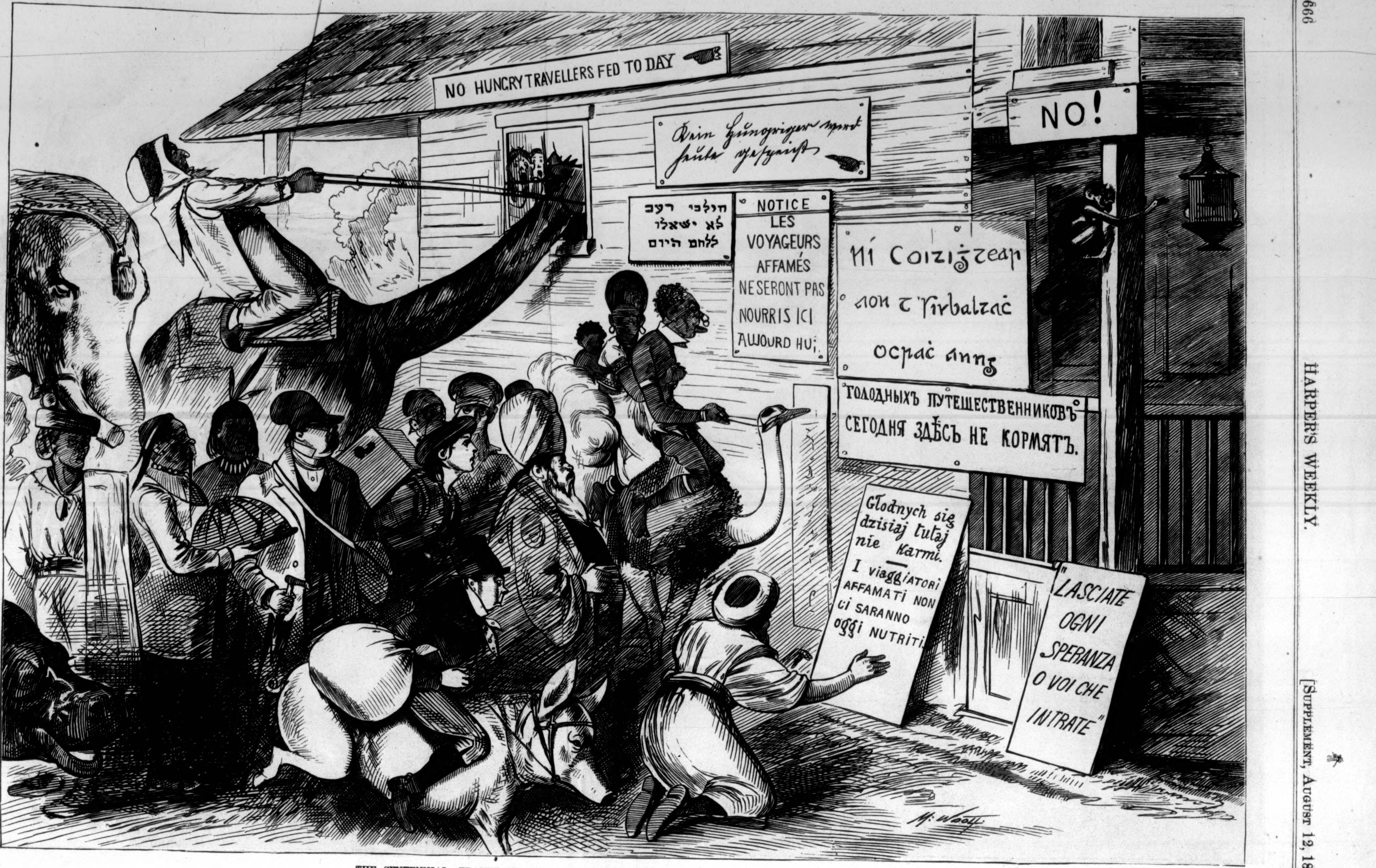

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